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THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscripts.

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### LITERATURE.

*Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle, 1814-1826.*  
Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. In 2 vols.  
(Macmillan.)

THE spirit in which Prof. Norton speaks of Carlyle, and—this is much more important—in which he allows Carlyle to speak for himself, is the most notable thing in connexion with the two interesting volumes he has just published. It encourages the hope that, in future, the Carlyle controversy will be conducted with something like amenity. It is evident that Prof. Norton holds a brief for certain of Carlyle's relatives against Mr. Froude. But he does not abuse Mr. Froude; and if he adheres to the diabolic view of the motives which led to the publication of the Carlyle biographical literature in its existing form, he does not obtrude it. Prof. Norton, in fact, scores against Mr. Froude, because he uses better, and applies more thoroughly, Mr. Froude's own biographical methods.

Mr. Froude's intention, when he started on his large (rather than great) enterprise, was to produce a realistic biography. Carlyle's life was to be a study in the moral nude. He himself wished to be painted, warts and all; thus, and thus only, would Mr. Froude paint him. He would have accomplished his design to the satisfaction of experts in biographical portraiture had he printed accurately, and at length, all the letters and journals of Carlyle he could lay his hands on, with the necessary links of unimpassioned, uncritical narrative. Mr. Froude has failed—in so far as he has failed at all—in not having stuck to his original purpose. His printing has been done hurriedly and inaccurately. He has allowed Mr. Froude, the literary artist, dogmatist in ethics and pessimist, to interfere with and spoil the work of Mr. Froude the biographer. He has insisted on trying his draperies on his naked Samson Agonistes, on making frequent appearances as the Greek chorus, on saying every third page that Mr. or Mrs. Carlyle "should" have done this, that, or the other thing. Last and worst, he has interpreted the injunction about "warts and all" as "warts above all." Prof. Norton amplifies and corrects Mr. Froude; he does not demolish or refute him. He prints accurately what Mr. Froude printed inaccurately. He prints many things that Mr. Froude omitted to print, and ought to have printed. At least it is devoutly to be hoped that these things are so, and that we shall not have some one doing some day to Prof. Norton what Prof. Norton has just done to Mr. Froude. Inclined to take an optimistic view of Carlyle, Prof. Norton publishes letters exhibiting him in his more cheerful moods. He also takes a more rational view of the relations between Mr.

and Mrs. Carlyle before they were married than does Mr. Froude; but he publishes their ante-nuptial correspondence (in the body of his work and in an appendix) in part only. In the future, no doubt, some biographer or relative of Carlyle, not so much impressed as Prof. Norton with "reverential respect for the sacredness of the contents" of this correspondence, will publish it in full. Until this is done, indeed, it will be impossible for any impartial critic of the special and not unimportant discussion started by Prof. Norton in his appendix to decide between him and Mr. Froude. Besides, at the stage that has been reached in the Carlyle "revelations," is not any delicacy false, or at least mistaken, delicacy?

Whoever regards Carlyle as a man of many ailments and weaknesses, great mainly in virtue of his literary genius and achievements, heroic solely on account of the continuity and independence of his moral life, will not alter his views on reading Prof. Norton's two volumes. His Carlyle from 1814 to 1826, is still Mr. Froude's, with, perhaps, his hat not so hard pressed on his brow and his teeth not set so grimly. The perfectly new matter in these volumes consists largely of letters by Carlyle to three college friends—Johnstone, Mitchell, and Murray; and in consequence full of *camaraderie*, which always wears the appearance at least of jollity. They abound in good and kindly advice, and illustrate Carlyle's enormous appetite for miscellaneous reading. There is not much gall and bitterness in them, mainly because up to the date of his marriage Carlyle had not seen much of society. The letters to Johnstone, Mitchell, and Murray, who appear to have been to Carlyle very much what Lapraik and Siller were to Burns, are chiefly valuable because in them is told with considerable fulness the story of his abandonment of the three professions of preaching, pedagogy, and the law. Here is a significant hint he throws out to Mitchell, about the Scotch Church:

"With the exception of the few whom superior talents or better stars exempt from the common fortune, every Scotch Licentiate must adopt one of two alternatives. If he is made of pliant stuff he selects some one leading authority, before whom he bows with unabating alacrity for (say) half a score of years, and thereby obtains a kirk, whereupon he betakes him to collect his stipend, and (unless he thinks of persecuting the schoolmaster) generally in a few months falls into a state of torpor, from which he rises no more. If, on the other hand, the soul of the Licentiate is stubborn, and delights not to honour the esquires of the district—heartless and hopeless he must drag out his life, without aim or object, vexed at every step to see surplices alighting on the backs of many who surpass him in nothing but their (*vide Goldsmith*) *love of gravy*."

To Mitchell, too, he writes thus, upon law and pedagogy:

"Law, I fear, must be renounced, it is a shapeless mass of absurdity and chicanery; and the ten years which a barrister commonly spends in painful idleness, before arriving at employment, is more than my physical or moral frame could endure. Teaching a school is but another word for sure and not very slow destruction."

Finally he writes of his legal studies in Edinburgh to Johnstone:

"David Hume owns no spark of his uncle's

genius; his lectures on law are (still excepting Erskine's *Institutes*) the dullest piece of stuff I ever saw or heard of. Long-winded dry details about points not of the slightest importance to any but an attorney or notary public; observations upon the formalities of customs which ought to be instantly and for ever abolished; uncounted cases of blockhead A versus blockhead B, with what Stair thought upon them, what Bankton, what the poor *doubting Dirleton*; and then the nature of actions of—*O infandum!* By degrees I got disheartened; the *science of law* seemed little calculated to yield a reward proportionate to the labour of acquiring it. I became remiss in my efforts to follow our lecturer through the vast and thorny desert he was traversing; till, at length, I abandoned him altogether, with a resolution that if ever I became familiar with law, it must be under different guidance."

For a man of his capacity for moral perseverance, Carlyle was singularly deficient in capacity for every day intellectual perseverance. There is, fortunately, but little "dyspepsia"—either the word or the thing—in Prof. Norton's volumes. But Carlyle admits in one of his letters that certain powerful medicines he tried in Edinburgh had the effect of counteracting that disease, especially while he abstained from tobacco. Yet there is no evidence that he persevered for a sufficient time with these medicines, or with the "drugs" he subsequently got from his friend Badams, of Birmingham.

In addition to the letters of Carlyle to his college friends, which appear for the first time in Prof. Norton's volumes, and one or two to and from his father, there are hitherto unpublished, or only partially published, letters to his mother, in which, in spirit, he drinks "weary tea," smokes a pipe, and "reads a chapter," with her; letters to his brother John (afterwards "Doctor"), for whom he had evidently a little contempt, although he is seen here perpetually slapping him on the back, encouraging him to study medicine, and imploring him not to work at literature; and letters to his brother Alexander, whom he loved and respected, and to whom he confided his ambitions, and his belief in his own possibilities of attaining greatness. In these letters, and, indeed, in the whole of this book, there are few passages of characterisation which are distinctively Carlylean. "Sappy hospitality" is a phrase of the kind *The Reminiscences* has rendered us familiar with, and much the same thing may be said of such a description as

"Fat contented merchants, shovelling their beef over by the pound, and swilling their wine without measure, declaiming on politics and religion, joking, and jeering, and flowing, and swaggering along with all their heart."

Here, also, is a portrait of Waugh, a half-cousin of Carlyle, who figures in *The Reminiscences*:

"Waugh navigates the stream of life, as an immense Dutch lugger would drift along a rocky, shoaly, sea at the rate of one mile per hour, the sails and riggings being gone, the compass and chart overboard, the captain, however, still standing by the helm, and by his ignorance and blindness making matters only worse than if he were asleep continually."

Finally,

"Sismondi is a lively, dapper, elegant little fellow, full of good sense and learning and correct sentiment; he resembles our Jeffrey

omewhat—a clever man, with rather less of natural talent than Jeffrey has, and about ten times as much knowledge and culture."

There remain the letters written by Carlyle to Miss Welsh during the period that elapsed between their entering on a teacher-pupil relationship and their marriage. The first letters are decidedly disappointing, Carlyle clothing almost Grandisonian sentiment in language as artificial as Burns's in his first "Epistles to Clarinda." It is not easy to conceive of Carlyle, even at the age of twenty-six, deliberately pouring out such Wordsworth-and-water as this—

" Often the studious man wanders in solitude over rocky and tempestuous regions; but sometimes a lovely scene will strike his eye, as well as that of another, and touch him more keenly than it does another. Some sweet sequestered dale, embosomed calmly among the barren mountains of life—so verdant and smiling and balmy—so like a home and resting-place for the wearied spirit, that even the sight of it is happiness; to reach it would be too much, would bring Eden back again into the world, and make Death to be, indeed, what cowards have named him, the enemy of man."

When the intimacy between Miss Welsh and Carlyle becomes closer, when they become friends and—*pace* Mr. Froude—lovers, his style grows in freedom, and he makes many characteristic remarks on men and things. But, on the whole, what Prof. Norton prints of this correspondence hardly makes one wish that he had given more.

In a short appendix dealing with the still "sacred" correspondence between Carlyle and Miss Welsh, Prof. Norton appears to make good two points. In the first place he renders it perfectly clear that Carlyle had supplanted Irving in Miss Welsh's affections long before her marriage. Her fancy, when twenty or twenty-one, for Irving, which she had considered "passionate love"—one must doubt with Mr. Froude whether, any more than Carlyle himself, she was capable of passionate love in the ordinary, much less the erotic, sense—had disappeared by May 1824, when she wrote, "What an idiot I was for ever thinking that man so estimable!" Prof. Norton further makes it plain that whatever Miss Welsh and Carlyle may have meant by "love," that sentiment was both genuine and deep at the time of their marriage. Of course Carlyle may have been insincere when, in his last letter to Miss Welsh before that event, he wrote, "I swear I will love thee with my whole heart, and think my life well spent if it can make thine happy." Of course, also, Miss Welsh may have been insincere when she wrote in a letter to an aunt by marriage (Froude's *First Forty Years of Carlyle's Life*, vol. i., p. 357):

" He possesses all the qualities I deem essential in my husband—a warm, true heart to love me, a towering intellect to command me, and a spirit of fire to be the guiding star of my existence. . . . I like him in the deepest part of my soul."

But this is insincerity about which it is useless to argue. Mr. Froude's whole theory of the relationship between Carlyle and Miss Welsh is vitiated by his absurdly inaccurate view of the social superiority of the Haddington doctor's daughter to the Annandale farmer's educated son. Mr. Froude talks

(for him) sad nonsense when (*First Forty Years*, vol. i., p. 366) he commiserates "her who had never known a wish ungratified for any object which money could buy; her who had seen the rich of the land at her feet"—her who wrote about Haddington as "pitiful," and despised and detested its "parties." As Scotch notions of "Republican equality" go—the phrase is Mr. Froude's, although he does not appear to have grasped its full meaning—the marriage of Jane Welsh to Thomas Carlyle was not a *mésalliance* for her. She did not think so, nor did he. Yet, if out of the popular conception of the unhappiness of the married life of the Carlyles—after the death of the first Lady Ashburton—there be eliminated the daily oppression of a superfine lady by a plebeian bully, how much truth will be left in that conception? WILLIAM WALLACE.

*Outlines of Jewish History, from B.C. 586 to C.E. 1885.* By Lady Magnus. (Longmans.)

In a recent review in the ACADEMY of a work on Jewish history, surprise was expressed at the lack of convenient and trustworthy handbooks of information on this most attractive subject. Some attempts seem to have been made; but, at any rate in England, they have been generally superficial, atrociously written, and entirely untrustworthy and unfair, if not put together in the interests of Lia Fail or some other monstrous idol. It is, therefore, an altogether pleasant duty to say that the book just published is all that its predecessors were not. To begin with, Lady Magnus evidently enjoys more than a mere acquaintance with the names of her authorities, and consequently she does not flaunt them in your face. As a general rule, the writers of handbooks and sketches indulge in as offensive a familiarity and adopt as magisterial a tone with those to whom they are beholden as any undergraduate being examined for his degree. In the next place, her style is consistently bright and informing. Her every sentence tells something worth telling, and tells it well. She generally writes with a most unusual desire to be fair; and, perhaps best of all, the parts of the little book are in excellent proportion.

It is easy to see that these *Outlines of Jewish History* are primarily intended for the Jews themselves, who are, for the most part, with the exception of specialists, as ignorant of their own history as Irishmen of theirs. It is usually supposed that Jewish history ended with Nebuchadnezzar, whom the nursery rhyme so inaccurately calls a "king of the Jews"; and English Jews have not been at much pains to make it clear that their race has had a history of deepest interest during the last three thousand years or so. The note that faces the title-page of this book tells us that the late Mr. J. A. Franklin bequeathed five thousands pounds for "the promotion of certain objects in connexion with the advancement of Judaism," and that his trustees have included in these objects "the publication of religious treatises and textbooks." The note is a little misleading, seeing that the present book is neither a religious treatise nor a religious textbook; but it is to be remembered that the author addresses herself chiefly

to her own people. However, this little history of less than 350 pp. (bound, by the way, in very cachectic yellow) will be read with unflagging interest by everyone who rightly prizes fairness, sympathy, and most happily measured enthusiasm. From contemporary Jewish handbook literature it removes a reproach; and it would be impossible to name any existing work which bears a more unexceptionably true impression of the feelings and aspirations of the best of contemporary Judaism, its virtues and its failings. It is the right book for children, and the right book for older people.

But this very quality of adaptability makes it imperative on a reviewer to point out at the outset a frequent and very irritating omission, the very one likely to limit the use and charm of the book outside the circle of Jewish or learned Gentile readers. The author very rarely transliterates the Hebrew names which she constantly and rightly quotes. "Ezra," for instance, "seems to have got his name of scribe (סֹרֵךְ) from his literary powers." True; Thucydides, no doubt, was called "writer of history," ιστοριογράφος, for a like reason. Suppose we are told that *Chazan* is derived from the Hebrew חָזָן, to see. Why not transliterate *Chazan* for the uninitiated? Again, "The recital of the שִׁירָה in our synagogues on the eves of sabbaths and holy days, and of the תְּהִלָּה on the going out of sabbaths and holy days, is a remnant of" the old institution of the reception of travelling strangers at the meeting-houses of the second century A.D. But why not transliterate *Kiddush* and *Habdalah*, and explain the terms, if not in the text, then in a note?

It is convenient to compress one's fault-finding, so let us proceed and have done with it. Why is there no Hebrew index? The book is an excellent introduction to Jewish antiquities; an index in Hebrew is therefore nearly indispensable. Once more; why is there no table of chronology, prefixed or affixed? Nothing so helps the memory (and the comprehension, too) as such a table; without one, a history, be it ever so good, is invertebrate.

Lady Magnus occasionally misquotes, or rather, hints at a misquotation. If, for example, in "a lordly dwelling-place," she means to quote the Poet Laureate, she is hardly correct. It is more pardonable, but still very inaccurate, to say, "In these superstitious Middle Ages, which recognised in the Pope the actual 'infallible' agent of God. . ." The Middle Ages did not so recognise the Pope; that was an achievement reserved for a few people in the latter half of the nineteenth century. The Church was always infallible—that is, its council was. Hildebrand converted a democratic institution into a despotic one, in the natural order of development, and he and some of his successors acted as if they were indeed infallible; but they were less "recognised" as infallible than the Czar of Russia or Mr. Gladstone. Lady Magnus's philology is not always beyond criticism. Who is the "commentator" on whom she relies for the derivation of *Kallah* from בָּל? Is it not near enough to קַל and קָדֵל, *vox* and *convocare*? Is it common for בָּל to interchange with נָבָל?

These faults, however, are all that a most jealous scrutiny can find in the "manner" of the book. They can be put right in the next edition, which will certainly be wanted soon, and they bear no sort of proportion to the merits of this.

The first hope with which a fair-minded reader will come to the book is that it should make clear not only the history of the Jews, but also the view held by the greatest and best Jews, past and present, as regards the mission of their race; for if the hope is merely that it should live, then the exclusiveness of Judaism, as Mr. Goldwin Smith was once hardly tired of demonstrating, is an obstructive anachronism, and fully deserving of *Hass* and *Hetze*. Our author gives us to understand that Jews are missionaries; not, indeed, charged with the duty of imposing any intellectual or spiritual limitations, but as witnesses to the boundless freedom and truth of monotheism. She does not, we may presume, dictate any particular views as to revelation of this or that sort, but is content to read revelation wherever the divine book of the world is open, everywhere. She will allow us, we may again presume, to believe what we are convinced of, and to regard as convictions only those intellectual conclusions which we are prepared to use as bases of our actions. All through the book, then, we have this feeling, that the Jew who, in selfishness or indifference, has forgotten his mission is to be contemned; no suffering is too great, and no allurement enticing enough, to justify in her eyes the abandonment of one jot or tittle of the monotheistic idea. Sometimes, it is only just to say, she is rather hard in the matter. The renunciation of Judaism among the Germans of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries

"was always, and in every case, from first to last, a sacrifice to selfishness and self-interest. And, perhaps, the first proud step of 'hiding themselves from their own flesh' in their fashionable wrappings of superior cultivation, was quite as wicked as that last distinctly separate step which many took of baptism. Mendelssohn's daughters were baptised, and his grand-children; so was Heine (the poet) in 1825, and Börne (the patriot) in 1818; and so were a host of minor folks in the first forty years immediately succeeding Mendelssohn's death."

It is a serious matter that Heine and Börne are punished—or we are punished, rather—by the omission of all but their names from this particular history of the Jews. No rite can make and none unmake a Jew; that, at all events, is one of the things to be gathered from Lady Magnus's book. One cannot help hoping that the gap will be filled, and that Heine, at least, will find more space than he at present occupies. Sometimes the author plays about this very grave subject with characteristic vivacity, or archness, to use a good but, perhaps, unfashionable word. Of Josephus, for instance, it is delightful to read that at Rome

"He lived in the full sunshine of imperial favour, and managed to find three women in succession to marry him. We may conclude that they were not Jewesses."

It is very hard to put this book down without noticing a score of interesting points suggestively treated therein by the way. Take, for example, the practicalness of Judaism.

The law is to be the companion and guide of a man, neither his master nor his servant. Rabbi Zadok, a poor but very learned doctor, is quoted—"Use the law not as a crown to shine with, nor as a spade to dig with." It has lost its meaning alike for the self-righteous and for those who look to it to provide their daily bread. But this is, thank heaven, no exclusive privilege of Judaism. It is only in a corrupt society that learning is associated with wealth alone. All that Lady Magnus says about the Jewish schools of the Captivity is true of the Christian schools of mediaeval Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, and the rest. But when admiration is claimed for this or that form of faith because it is so accurately fitted for comfortable dealing with the world, it is our duty to be suspicious. Man is man because of his infinitudes. It is not for nothing that the world does not satisfy us.

"God's gift was that man should conceive of truth,  
And yearn to gain it, catching at mistake."

Lady Magnus will hardly agree with those who hold that the commentators have done more harm than good, and that the general rule has often been obscured and killed by its own interpreters. She puts a very good case herself :

"Take . . . the command, 'Ye shall dwell in booths.' It looks at first simple enough; but questions would soon arise. Did the 'ye' mean men, women, and children? Did the 'dwell' include sleeping and eating? Of what sort and material were the booths to be?"

Now, to the unaided intelligence the command seems very clearly a general one, addressed to all; and eating, one would think, is a quite indispensable part of dwelling. Your commentators by commenting on the law succeed pretty well in obscuring the greater Rule to which the law itself is a mere faint approximation. There are, to quote a venerable authority, many modes of evil, but only one of good; and this one is for each man individually. He alone can apply the Rule to his own case, and, therefore, rules are very much worse than useless. The Karaite erred in one way, if he really would not light a fire on the sabbath, or have it lighted, because of Exodus xxxv. 3; and the man who vexes his servants with endless tasks on the rest-day errs in another; but the casuist has no business with either. This, however, by the way.

No one who begins to read these "outlines" will be satisfied till the noble story is read to the end. More than any other nation known much to history, Jews have indeed learnt the truth of the proverb which tells us that that nation is happy which has none. It is often supposed that their history is little more than a series of records of cruel oppression on the one hand and sordid malevolence and suffering on the other; yet of all peoples the Jews have extracted from the mean and painful world surrounding them most life and light and strength. This little book does full justice to its subject; and one is almost ashamed to note omissions and carp at trifling errors when one comes to reckon up one's debts to the author.

It is to be hoped that Lady Magnus will some day give us a companion volume deal-

with Jewish antiquities, to which these "outlines of history" form an admirable introduction.

P. A. BARNETT.

"EMINENT WOMEN"—*Margaret of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre*. By A. Mary F. Robinson. (W. H. Allen.)

GREAT pains have been taken with this book; much thought has evidently been bestowed upon it; it is carefully written; the list of authorities consulted is long and well chosen, though we miss one or two recent names; yet we cannot deem it completely successful. It is better by far than any of its predecessors; than Miss Freer's life, for instance, or than any written mainly in the interests of the Reformation. We have no fault to find with our author in her dates or in her history. For a biography of Margaret there is, perhaps, a little too much of general history, and too little of the particular history of her life. We have not the daily life and surroundings, the growth and changing interests, of the woman sufficiently brought before us. Very little is told of her early youth and education, yet this would have been of greatest interest. Miss Robinson certainly attaches the right significance to Brantôme's use of the word *galanterie* applied to our heroine. It has no bad import; and we may compare for a like change of meaning the word "lewd" in Chaucer and in later times.

Like many lady writers, Miss Robinson has a pet adjective, which she applies to her heroine on the smallest provocation. It would, we think, be the safest of wagers to propose to anyone acquainted with the life of Marguerite d'Angoulême to guess what this epithet is—dense! The Marguerite des Marguerites afflicted with "pathetic denseness"! We do not mention this merely to raise a smile, but because it lies at the root of a misconception of Margaret's character and of her times which pervades the whole book. It refers to her blindness to the faults of those she loved; to her supposed want of insight into character, and her not seeing the logical consequences of some of the principles which she held; to her idolatry of her brother, Francis I.; to her veering not only in policy, but outwardly, at least to a certain extent, in religious opinion with his every change. But surely Miss Robinson forgets the contemporary history of Henry VIII. The vacillations of Francis are as nothing compared with those of the English king. Yet not only the parliament and the greater part of the nobility and of the higher churchmen followed him obediently in all his changes, apparently seeing in them no wrong, but even a historian of the nineteenth century is seduced into almost the same view; yet is "dense" quite the epithet to apply to Mr. Froude? And surely there is more excuse for Margaret than for him. Our author seems not to remember the great difference which existed between the earlier reformers bred in the school of Erasmus and of the mystic precursors of the Reformation, and the followers of Luther or of Calvin. The former may have been most earnest in wishing for a reform of the Church from within. They saw and lamented most sincerely its abuses. Their souls leapt with joy to the light and liberty of the Renaissance and the reading of

the New Testament. But it is a great mistake to reckon all those as weak, or "dense," or hypocrites, who did not go on to schism. That may never have entered their thoughts. The keenest eyes could not with certainty foresee the end. Miss Robinson's strictures apply to a later generation. The most pungent denunciations of the crimes in the Church, the most ardent longings for reform, are to be found in the works of some of those mystics who are accounted the Church's bulwarks. Even the Spanish Inquisition, in those early days, forbade writing against Erasmus, and patronised the circulation of his New Testament. What wonder if the life of those trained in this school closed in sadness and disillusion, that to them neither side seemed wholly right, and that they turned again to the mysticism, though vague, which the Church had never condemned, and fed their souls dreamily on that. Is it such a mark of "densemess" for such to have gone to their graves hoping against hope for that which could never come?

The trick of drawing a moral from the most unmoral, if not immoral, themes is no peculiarity of the *Heptameron*. It is still more marked in the contemporary *picaresque* novel of Spain, where all the rogues moralise in the most exemplary style while cynically recounting their shameless villainies. The artificial character of the pathos of the love stories runs through nearly all the French *Fabliaux*, and in pastoral poetry it continued in Southern France into the eighteenth century. Still, we think Miss Robinson appraises Margaret's poetry a little too low. It would be difficult to find any contemporary English poetry (1524) more simple and true than the four rondeaux of Margaret on the death of her niece Catherine.

We would not willingly give a wrong impression of a work which is really conscientiously done. The mistake seems to be that somehow Miss Robinson has adopted the tone of half a century later. Thus she speaks of the "young" Queen of Navarre when Margaret was forty-one years old. It was an age of transition, when fifty years mean much. Francis I., Charles V., and Henry VIII. belong half to the ages of chivalry. The era of statesmen and of modern Europe begins with Philip II. and with Elizabeth, when kingdoms were ruled from the cabinet, and not by knightly sovereigns from the field. So, too, with those who met the early movement of the Renaissance and the call for reformation; the outward change, the great decision, was not necessarily incumbent on them, but on the next generation. Regarded in the light of her own time and of her own youth, we do not see why Margaret may not be considered just as true to the light of her day as her daughter Jeanne d'Albret was to hers.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

*Our Home by the Adriatic.* By the Hon. Margaret Collier (Mdme. Galletti de Cadilhac). (Bentley.)

"COELUM NON ANIMUM"—the old dictum is peculiarly true of the English race; and, though this rigidity brings its advantages, it makes it often hard for English people to acclimatise themselves to strange surroundings. Mdme. Galletti's book is a proof of

this. But is it worth while to record a personal dislike of a place and a people; to chronicle the small inconveniences of life, small in themselves, but large when placed under the microscope of discontent? Yet this is what Mdme. Galletti has done. Only here and there do we find a thin disguise of appreciation; the dislike, the want of sympathy run all through the book. The very table of contents proclaims how miserable is the author in her home by the Adriatic. The first three chapters bear the painful headings of "Installation in my New Home," "More Trials," "Alleviations of my Lot." Thorough hatred of a people, combined with the power to satirise them, is good material for a book. But Mdme. Galletti possesses neither the indignation nor the scorn nor the humour which are required in a satirist. If you do not satirise you must reach your audience through a strong sympathy with your subject, and the knowledge that sympathy will bring. But Mdme. Galletti does not sympathise. She is merely uncomfortable.

The home which Mdme. Galletti describes is in one of the most beautiful parts of Italy—the Marches of Ancona, that lie between the Adriatic and the highest points of the Apennines. The country is full of little villages, perched each one high upon its own hill-top. From the walls the view is splendid—on one side the Adriatic and the distant outline of the Dalmatian coast, on the other the snowy ridges of the Gran Sasso d'Italia, at one's feet vine-clad valleys and olive groves; a country beautiful in itself, with a vast horizon and variety of detail. Yet it was a veritable misfortune which compelled Mdme. Galletti to settle there. In talking of Italy one must carefully distinguish which part of Italy one means. The Italians of one district are so different in character from the Italians of another—the Piedmontese from the Romagnoli, the Venetians from the Neapolitans—that knowledge of the one is no guarantee of ability to understand the other. We admit that we have no intimate acquaintance with the peasantry of the Marches; and they may be as unpleasant a sort of people as Mdme. Galletti makes out. But it is certain that, if the people of the Marches are naturally difficult to deal with, the task is rendered ten times more difficult for one who comes among them imbued with English ideas, convinced that English ways alone are good, and burning with a desire to convert or compel one's dependents to these methods. Mdme. Galletti devotes several pages of her book to an attack on the "fascia"—the swaddling bands in which Italian babies are wrapped. Free limbs may be all very well for babies who can afford a nurse to carry them; but babies whose mothers have to work all day long are surely better off inside their shell of stiff cotton swathes. They can be laid on the ground or hung up on the wall without danger to their limbs. Again, Mdme. Galletti was very indignant at a poor man who had lately lost a child. She found him crying, and offered some words of consolation. "What child?" said the man. "It's the cow that's dead." The remark, no doubt, seems heartless to people who have many cows, and money to buy others if these die. But to the peasant the case looked, and was, very different. He probably had many children; at any rate he

had the prospect of more than he wanted. The loss of the cow would cripple the family for a year or more, meaning less polenta and less fire. It was for the living that he cried, not for the dead. His attitude may not have been highly moral or humane; but one is bound to understand customs, religions, and peoples before attempting to reform them. It is hardly surprising that at first Mdme. Galletti's servants resented the imposition of strange ways and hostile criticism, took sudden "capriccios," and disappeared in the night. One must remember, however, that this inflexible determination to be English always and everywhere, to see all things from an English point of view, is just the quality which has made England mistress of so large a portion of the world. It is a quality which wins in the long run; and we suspect that by this time Mdme. Galletti's home by the Adriatic is thoroughly Anglicised, and we trust that she is happier.

The description of upper-class life in these hill cities is amusing and instructive. The book is here at its best; not that the *cittadini* fare any better at Mdme. Galletti's hands than the *contadini*, but if they get no more sympathy they require less than their poorer neighbours. There is one very beautiful and touching story; the story of the faithful half-witted *contadino* servant Vallucci, devoted to his master, following him like a dog, guarding his interests. It is a tale out of which Tourgenieff would have made one of his immortal sketches from the life. The book is worth reading for this story alone. But Mdme. Galletti always writes well. Her English is singularly pure, flexible, and simple; an admirable style, free from the colloquialisms which almost unconsciously creep into the composition of those who habitually speak the language which they write.

The author gives us an unfavourable view of her surroundings. She did not like them. But there is no doubt much truth in her picture. Her book may well be read as a counter irritant to the many exaggerated and heightened descriptions of Italian life.

H. F. BROWN.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*Paston Carew, Millionaire and Miser.* By E. Lynn Linton. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

*Spiders of Society.* By Florence Marryat. In 3 vols. (White.)

*A Bird of Passage.* By B. M. Croker. In 3 vols. (Sampson Low.)

*Lillian St. Clair.* By Mrs. Alfred Hort. In 3 vols. (Boulton.)

*A Modern Telemachus.* By Charlotte M. Yonge. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

*The Syren.* By Cecil Medlicott. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)

*Who is Guilty?* By Philip Woolf. (Maxwell.)

*The late Miss Hollingford.* By Rosa Muholland. (Blackie.)

*Driven Home: a Tale of Destiny.* By Evelyn Owen. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

THE estimate of *Paston Carew* formed by the reader of it will largely depend upon that

reader's acquaintance or non-acquaintance with its author's previous work. New generations who know not the Josephs of the past are constantly springing up, and those in whose memory *Lizzie Lorton of Greystoke* and *The Atonement of Leam Dundas* have no place will think *Paston Carew* a very striking and impressive performance. Nor will they be wholly wrong. Mrs. Lynn Linton in her very flattest mood—and I suppose that, like other people, she has flat moods—could hardly write a book that did not leave behind it an impression of power, of singularly vivid conception and effective presentation. Indeed, in her latest book the failure is not in imaginative vigour, but in imaginative veracity. *Paston Carew*, the illegitimate son of Squire Clinton's housekeeper, who goes doggedly to work to make for himself a name and a fortune, in order that he may crush those who have treated him with contempt, is a piece of artistic portraiture which has nearly every virtue but the virtue of credibility. In his consistency and his inconsistency alike the millionaire-miser contradicts the plain facts of human nature as flatly as they are contradicted by such heroes of romance as Monte Christo and Zanoni; and the contradiction is only less obvious in the case of Carew, because the incredibility inheres not in details, but in the composition of the whole. It is doubtless true, in a sense, that there is no limit to the inconsistencies of human nature; and no one will complain of Mrs. Lynn Linton because she makes Carew lavish in one chapter and penurious in another. But inconsistencies must be shown to have their root in an integral individuality, and it is here that she fails. Another defect of the book is that most of the characters are exhibited to us by description and analysis rather than by the true dramatic method; and the one astonishing thing is that, in spite of faults that would deprive most novels of all their life, *Paston Carew* is full of vitality. We may not believe in the hero, but in spite of our disbelief he interests us, and the subsidiary characters which fill up so much of the canvas are as credible as they are entertaining. The amorous and unscrupulous banker is admirable; and, indeed, the book, as a whole, would receive hardly anything but praise, were it not the work of a writer who must be judged by a specially high standard.

*Spiders of Society* is not a particularly pleasant title, but the story is very lively and interesting, and it has the merit of being free from the defects of taste which have done much to mar some of Miss Marryat's previous novels. Like many of the best known of its predecessors, it deals with theatrical life, the heroine being a certain Mrs. Gerard Legh, wife of the Hon. Captain Legh, and known to the world as the popular actress, Georgie Harrington. The captain, without being positively vicious, is about as ill-conditioned a human being as one would wish to meet either in life or in literature. His wife supports him; and as he shows his gratitude by brutal tempers which make her life a continual misery, she accepts an American engagement and leaves him to his own devices. Here ensue certain complications; for, the fact of her wifehood not being known on the other side of the Atlantic, she is sought in marriage by Hiram Bloch, who is both a millionaire and a

modern Chevalier Bayard. Georgie's vivacious friend, Mrs. Lonsdale-Lorens, is extremely anxious that she should obtain an American divorce from the uncomfortable Gerard; but, just as things have arrived at this pass, Georgie hears by accident that her husband is seriously ill, and at once breaks her engagement at a costly sacrifice, and hurries back to England that she may nurse the man whom she has never ceased to love. He in the meantime has recovered; but, having been supplied by some good-natured friends with a maliciously garbled story of his wife's American experiences, brutally repulses her, and the relations between the two become more strained than ever. Of course everything is made right at last. But enough of the story has been told. It is not a book which tempts one to deal in superlatives of any kind; but it is eminently readable, and readability, if not the most precious of qualities, is certainly the most popular.

To choose such an out-of-the-world locality as the Andaman Islands as the scene of a novel seems a somewhat risky experiment, and, therefore, the author of *A Bird of Passage* is to be congratulated on its being a successful one. The sketches of men and things in the far-away island colony to which the first half of the book is devoted are very bright and entertaining; Mrs. Creery, the self-elected queen of society, who is hated by everybody, but against whom nobody dares to rise in rebellion, being a specially realisable creation, though she reminds one too strongly of some of Thackeray's feminine campaigners to allow one to speak of her as specially original. There are some capital descriptions, and the story moves on with both smoothness and vivacity, its main defect being the clumsiness of some of the expedients employed by Mr. Croker in the manufacture of his plot. There is no adequate reason why Lisle, who is, I presume, the bird of passage, should make a muddle of things by so persistently concealing his identity; and the incident of the stolen ring, by means of which he is so easily convinced of Helen's faithlessness, is as hackneyed as it is improbable.

The absence of the name of any previous works on the title-page of Mrs. Alfred Hort's novel is only one among many proofs that *Lillian St. Clair* is the work of a beginner. In construction the story is awkward enough, though not more awkward than that of some books whose authors have passed through a fair apprenticeship to literature; but in the style—especially in the style of the conversations—one recognises everywhere the mark of the amateur. It may safely be said that never since the world began have people talked, and that never so long as the world lasts will people talk, as the characters are made to talk in *Lillian St. Clair*. The story both by its title and its substance reminds one constantly of the Minerva Press, but never by any chance of real life.

Miss Yonge has made a mistake, though like the true literary artist that she is, she bravely and almost successfully endeavours to conceal it. The mistake is, indeed, two-fold. Part of it consists in the assumption that a true story, which in its original form she has found interesting, must necessarily be equally

or more interesting when expanded into a novel; and part in another assumption, that because she has been wonderfully successful as a chronicler of quiet domesticities, she must needs be successful as the teller of a story the interest of which lies less in character than in incident and adventure. The tale of the misfortunes of la Comtesse de Bourke, wife of an Irish baronet who had become the French ambassador to Madrid in the early years of the seventeenth century, is in itself stirring enough; but somehow Miss Yonge's version of it is not stirring, perhaps because we are not allowed to forget that we are in the presence of a manufactured article. I incline to think that it is the preface which really does the mischief. The ordinary human being loses interest in an automaton when he has inspected the concealed machinery, and Miss Yonge has ruined the interest of her story by her elaborate statement of what is true and what is—as children say—"made up." That *A Modern Telemachus* is gracefully and charmingly written goes without saying; but it is a mistake notwithstanding.

Though the name of Cecil Medlicott is as unfamiliar as that of Mrs. Alfred Hort, there is nothing amateurish about *The Syren*. Here and there the story straggles a little, and wants pulling together; but the grasp of character is firm and determinate, and the literary style is not merely that of an educated, but of a practised writer. Elizabeth Dalrymple, the girl-wife who loves with a beautiful unselfish devotion the man who has married her, not for what she is, but for what she has, is a very charming heroine; but, as a study of character, her portrait is not more successful than that of her husband, who, though he is a very worthless, not to say caddish, fellow, has enough of conscience, or of something that answers for it, to feel decidedly uncomfortable in the society of his wife. Unfortunately he seeks comfort in the society of a certain Miss Helen Lysaght; and if the complications which follow are not particularly fresh in conception, they are at any rate described with a veracious realisability which testifies to the penetration of the author's insight not less than to the delicacy of his art.

When a critic of average experience encounters a book with such a title as *Who is Guilty?* and finds on opening it that it begins with a supposed murder, and that its chapter headings are full of such phrases as "On the Trail," he knows so well what to expect that he may safely venture to review the story without troubling to read it. I have been tempted to take this course; but I have resisted the devil, and read Dr. Woolf's story from beginning to end. I wish I could add that I have found virtue to be its own reward; but, alas, this is impossible! The only difference between *Who is Guilty?* and all other detective stories lies in the facts that Dr. Woolf is rather more bewildering than his rivals, and that he has introduced a feminine as well as a masculine criminal hunter. As the former when "on the trail" is much more competent than her male competitor, the book is possibly a contribution to the women's-rights controversy. It is not a very valuable or coherent contribution to anything.

Nothing could well be less pretentious, or more perfect in simple pathetic grace, than Miss Rosa Mulholland's charming little story, *The Late Miss Hollingford*. It appeared first many years ago in the pages of *All the Year Round*; and, one is not surprised to hear, won the warm admiration of that admirable judge, Charles Dickens. Now that it is published in volume form it will certainly receive a like verdict of approval from every competent reader, for it has that peculiar winning, dainty beauty to which no sane taste fails to respond. Miss Rosa Mulholland's touch is both light and sure; her work has not only outline, but atmosphere; and her mastery of the simple effects at which she aims is so thorough that I can only attribute her comparative lack of recognition to the fact that she has always chosen to work upon a small canvas. The canvas is small here; but those who love a flawless cabinet picture must read *The Late Miss Hollingford*.

Poor Hugh Conway is responsible for many things, but for few things more terrible than the gruesome story, *Driven Home*, which has all the irritating mannerisms, all the ludicrous extravagances, all the artistic faults of every kind which characterised *Called Back* and *Dark Days*, without any of the power which gave those stories their undoubted impressiveness. Though *Driven Home* is rich, both in the sanguinary and the supernatural, it is hardly likely to impress anybody.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

#### SOME BOOKS ON GREEK HISTORY.

*Lives of Greek Statesmen*. Second Series. By the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox. (Longmans.) We are glad to see Sir George Cox making progress with his task of presenting the outlines of Greek history in a biographical form. We could hardly wish for a more useful and interesting introduction to the subject. The present instalment goes from Ephialtes to Hermocrates, and contains a most sympathetic sketch of Pericles. But we look forward especially to the third volume, in which Sir George Cox will be covering ground not already covered by the published parts of his large *History of Greece*. We have always considered Sir George Cox to be doing good service by recalling attention in this country to the question of the evidences for early Greek affairs, though we have sometimes thought that (for instance, in his doubts about the accuracy of Thucydides' account of the early settlements in Sicily) he was carrying a good practice a little too far. We notice in the volume before us that further reflection has made him still more doubtful on some points. He accepts more fully than we should care to do Müller-Strübing's attempt to shake the credibility of Thucydides by insisting upon a supposed epic element in that somewhat dry author. He seems to follow Müller-Strübing in rejecting, among the other details of the siege of Plataea, even the palisading by Archidamus (see the ACADEMY, Feb. 6, 1886), whereas that seems to us a perfectly natural military measure, meant either to protect the besiegers against surprises from the garrison or to prevent non-combatants from escaping, and so to cause the provisions of the town to be more quickly consumed. Sir George Cox also presses further than in his first series or in his History the idea that suggestive names like Mnesiphilos ("a man whose one recorded act is that of reminding a friend of his duty") demand some attention. But h-

leaves us in uncertainty as to whether he means to reject the incident along with the name, or merely to imply that the name was given from the incident. "Athenagoras [at Syracuse] exists only to speak for Athens." Did he then, or did he not, really exist and speak? In any case, what does Sir George Cox think of the suggestive name of Demosthenes the orator? It was certainly his from childhood.

*Griechische Geschichte*. Von Adolf Holm. Erster Band. (Berlin: Calvary; London: Nutt.) The field of Greek history cannot be ploughed too often, and we welcome with great pleasure Herr Holm's really valuable contribution to the study. His work is to carry the story in four volumes as far as the fall of Korinth; and the first instalment, now before us, goes down to the end of the sixth century B.C. In general character it reminds us most of Dr. E. Curtius's History. There is the same impressionist air about it; the same grouping of the subject into natural heads; and (though the author modestly disclaims it) much of that cunning in picturesque expression which helped to make the older book so fascinating. Nor is the present work inferior in the shrewdness from which spring brilliant *aperçus*, striking analogies, and pregnant juxtapositions of facts. But it is very superior to Dr. Curtius's History in soberness and caution. Herr Holm keeps constantly before his readers' eyes that fact is one thing and hypothesis another. No part of his writing is more valuable at the present moment than the Introduction, in which he lays down his principles of historical enquiry and of historical honesty, and frequent reference is made back to these as he goes on. The historian is not at liberty, even for the sake of being piquant, to state as fact what he thinks probable. Nor should he so state it as to leave any doubt that it is only supposition. "The latest theory of specialists is often treated as fact by non-specialists" (p. 402). After laying this down very plainly, Herr Holm proceeds to act upon it; and, in spite of the honest difficulties of composition thus created, he has written a readable history, and not a mere friable mass of single investigations. First comes a discussion of the nature of the evidence for early Greek affairs. Next, some account of the country; in which, as perhaps Mr. Tozer's *Lectures* would show, more might have been made of the influence of the physical geography upon the history. Then, after the oldest mythical times, whose only real traces lie in certain artistic works (for the myths themselves cannot be made sources of history), we are led on to investigate the Homeric poems and the growth of a really Greek culture upon Asiatic soil. After that, we trace the growth and ossification of Sparta. Then, turning to other Greek peoples, which enjoyed a freer development, the author shows us how their political changes illustrate a constant law, as the tribes passed from more simple and rigid to more complicated and unrestricted forms of state-life. Nor is the temporary pause or halt due to the tyrannies overlooked. We know of nothing quite like this useful survey of the forms of government and the causes of change, based on Aristotle, except one of Dr. Thirlwall's chapters. Next, we come to the diffusion of Hellas by colonisation; and here we should be disposed to assign to Apollo of Delphi a greater part than Herr Holm gives him. The title of Apollo, Αρχηγέτης, and the remark about Dorieus in Hdt. 5.42, may be cited to prove that Cic. *Divin.* 1.1.3, is not the only authority for the fact of the oracle generally directing colonisation. (Nor is it perhaps quite fair to the oracle to say that it never suggested positive ideas or new thoughts in morality, but only exerted a restraining and moderating influence. Surely the tale of Glaukos in Hdt. 6.86 introduces a new moral idea: τὸ πειρῆσθαι τὸ θεοῦ, καὶ τὸ ποιῆσαι,

τὸν δίνασθαι. So did the oracle of Olympia, as reported by Xen. *Hell.* 3.2.22. But, nevertheless, Herr Holm does well to cut down some of the exaggerated views of the general influence of Delphi which are now current, and to call attention to the self-contradiction with which Dr. Curtius has urged them—pp. 296-8.) Then follows an account of the great Asiatic powers and of their reduction of the Asiatic Greeks; and, lastly, a sketch of early Athens. Most of the ground so traversed is treated in a manner which leaves little to be desired. The author has a very judicial and impartial mind. He wishes neither to exaggerate the merits of the Greeks, nor, with Schwarz (see the ACADEMY, October 20, 1883), to make them out worse than they were. The accounts of art and archaeology are perhaps a little below the rest in value, reading less like the ripe results of independent thought. The notes on each chapter contain full list of modern authorities; but we miss any reference to Sir George Cox's ingenious theories about the Seisachtheia of Solon. Sir George Cox also lends powerful support to the view, which Herr Holm follows, that the application of Plateae to Kleomenes for support against Thebes should be dated 509, not 519 B.C.

*Démosthène*. Par L. Brédif. Deuxième Edition. (Hachette.) It seems curious that so good a study of Demosthenes as this is, while it has been translated in the United States, should not have been translated in this country. Somewhat larger than Prof. Butcher's little book, it gives an excellent account of Demosthenes, of his position and his hearers, his defects, his natural capacity, and his acquired powers. M. Brédif pleads earnestly, and we think successfully, in favour of Demosthenes' political insight. He argues that he did not underrate the power of Macedonia or the genius of Philip, but only spoke contemptuously of both in order to encourage a somewhat disheartened people. Nor will he accept the severe judgment of M. Cousin, or the remark, which perhaps suggested all the rest of that critic's perverse attack on Demosthenes, that "le parti du vainqueur est toujours celui de la meilleure cause." It is a remark to which no Frenchman of this generation can possibly assent, and Demosthenes may have to thank Prince Bismarck for finding him a champion. M. Brédif neglects to give exact references for numerous passages from Aeschines and Demosthenes translated in his pages. But his versions, wherever we have traced them to their originals, have proved very accurate. We doubt, however, whether τὸν ἄλλων πυλαγόρων μεθεστηκότων in Aesch. in *Ktes.* § 117 can refer to their illness. Indeed only one was ill. Is it not rather that they "made way" for Aeschines to speak?

*De Lycurgo*. Dissenrit H. Bazin. (Paris: Leroux.) M. Bazin's essay for his doctor's degree reflects much more credit on the system which requires such compositions than other theses which we have seen. It is carefully written as to both style and matter; and, while it has no great pretensions to original research or novel theory, it makes us very pleasantly and fully acquainted with the present state of the question, or questions, about Lycurgus and early Sparta. There is a good list of the recent literature. M. Bazin himself believes in one personal Lycurgus—a man and not a myth, an individual and not the eponymous hero of a *collegium* of Lycurgidæ. This last is the view of Gelzer, who makes such a *collegium* govern Sparta for many generations, supposing them to have been inspired from Delphi, and to have adopted a name from Λυκέργος, a title of Apollo. But by granting that Lycurgus lived, not two hundred years after the Dorian conquest of Peloponnesus, but during it, we find

a better *sax*, quā tota illuminatur *Lycurgi historia*. His legislation can be explained from the circumstances, and the discrepancies of the dates given for him by ancient authors can be smoothed away. At p. 95, when M. Bazin writes *ephoros leviter tantum praestringemus*, does he not mean *parstringemus*?

*Le République des Lacédémoniens de Xénophon.* Par H. Bazin. (Paris: Leroux.) More capacity for original work is shown here by M. Bazin than in his essay on *Lycurgus*. Well-read in the newer literature of the subject, he ventures to dissent from his predecessors, and to give a new theory of the enigmatical *λακεδαιμονίων πολιτεία*. With Cobet, Erler, and Naumann, he upholds the authenticity of the book, going in detail through the evidence afforded by dictio, style, ideas, allusions, and special points of likeness to the *Cyropaedia*. Some of these points are both minute and curious, as for example the discovery of Tycho Mommsen, that in the *Cyropaedia* Xenophon uses *σύν* 556 times, *μέρη* 275 times, and that the writing under discussion has *μέρη* once, and *σύν* three times. M. Bazin's view of the object of the work thus vindicated for Xenophon is that it is "un écrit de circonstance," written B.C. 394 with a political object. At that moment Sparta was divided between two parties (p. 160 sq.), the innovators, at whose head had been Lysandros, and whose views were set forth in the pamphlet by Cleon of Halicarnassus found among Lysandros' papers; and the conservative party, led by Agesilaus, bent on restoring the real or fancied *πολιτική ἀρετή* of bygone days. This latter tendency Xenophon set himself to help, by writing a reply to Cleon. It dwells on those points which the known or supposed plans of Lysandros threatened most, as the powers of the kings. It recommends the old-fashioned Spartan virtues by discreetly supposing that everyone already practises them. It appeals indirectly to the military spirit of the Spartiates by ignoring the Perioeci and the Helot soldiers, and by mentioning mercenaries with contempt—an attitude which on any other theory is incomprehensible. If the essay for once favours innovation by ascribing the Spartan cavalry to *Lycurgus*, it is because the cavalry had been recently and successfully raised by Agesilaus. Even chap. xiv. is authentic, and M. Bazin proposes only to move it to the end of the book. Xenophon, he thinks, repenting in after years (between 378 and 376) of his too favourable sketch of a Sparta which would not be reformed, wrote it as a recantation (p. 281), putting it on any blank space he could find on his original MS.; hence a copyist inserted it in the wrong place. This is obviously the weakest and most fanciful part of a serious and well-reasoned theory; but, as M. Bazin says, "Que faire en l'absence de données historiques positives?" It would be very convenient for reference if studies of this kind printed the text to which they refer. Xenophon's few pages of Greek would not have greatly swollen the volume. It is by error that at p. 58 Σκηνῶν or its derivations are said to occur with the sense of eating in *Xen. Anab.* ii. 4.14, vii. 4.12. The reading in ii. 4.14 is from *σκηνεῖν*, and the sense in both places is that of encamping. But the desired sense will be found in *Anab.* iv. 5.33, v. 3.9.

*Über die Berliner Fragmente der Αθηναϊών πολιτείας des Aristoteles.* Von H. Diels. (Abhandl. der Königl. Preuss. Akademie der Wissenschaften, Oct. 1885.) Prof. Diels has placed philologists and historians under great obligations by publishing accurate facsimiles of the Berlin papyrus No. 163, together with the readings of Blass, Bergk, Landwehr, and a commentary of his own. Blass, who published the papyrus first in *Hermes*, 15, p. 366-382 (1880), considered the four fragments to

belong to a historical work—the tenth book of Theopompos's *Philippica*; but Bergk clearly showed them to be part of Aristotle's *Αθηναϊών πολιτεία* (*Rhein. Mus.* 36, p. 87-115, 1881). Without going into details as to their arrangement (whether the papyrus was in book form or loose sheets) we wish here to call attention to the second fragment, as being of great importance for early Athenian history. We learn there that a certain Damasias was elected archon, and after holding the archonship for two years was driven by force from office; and that it was afterwards arranged, on account of disturbances, that four Eupatrids, three *ἄποικοι*, and two *δημονυροί* should be elected archons (*μετὰ δὲ ταῦτα διὰ τὸν . . . Δαμασίας αἰρέθεις ἔριος, ἐπὶ δέον καὶ τακρατήσας τῆς πόλεως ξενάγοθι βίᾳ τῆς ἀρχῆς. ἐνέ[νε]το δὲ μετ' αὐτῷ νόιᾳ τὸ στασιαῖον ἄρχοντας [a caret\*] λατέσθαι . . . τέτταρας μὲν εὐπατρίδων τρεῖς δὲ ἄποικοι δύο [διὰ καὶ ἡμηνίουρον]*). The date of this Damasias has been differently fixed. Blass places him in B.C. 683, between Eryxias, the last who held office for ten years, and Creon, the first eponymus of the nine annual archons; but the archons for life as well as the decennial archons are always styled *βασιλεῖς* (*Lugebil, Jahrbücher f. class. Philol. Suppl., vol. v., p. 550*, cf. especially *Plat. Menex.* p. 238 D), and Damasias is called *ἄρχων*. Bergk identifies the Damasias of the fragment with the archon for B.C. 639-8 (*Dion. Halic. Antiqu. Rom.* 3.36), and places him likewise before Solon (he is followed by Gilbert, *Handl. d. Griech. Staatsalterth.* i. p. 124). Against this date it has been plausibly urged that in that case the reform of Solon was rather reactionary, as by it only the first class was made eligible to the archonship, and all *ἄποικοι* and *δημονυροί* who did not belong to the first class were disqualified (and, moreover, what follows in the fragment concerning the *χρέων ἀποκοτήν* presupposes Solon's reforms). Hence Duncker (*Gesch. des Altert.* vi. p. 125, n. 2), whose explanation Diels does not notice, suggested that the meaning of the passage can only be that the *ἄποικοι* and *δημονυροί* had the right to elect from the Eupatrids three and two archons respectively, i.e., that they had the right of electing, but not the privilege of being elected. However, the passage in question can hardly bear this construction. There is a second archon Damasias, a contemporary of Thales, between 590 and 580, probably in the year 586-5; and Landwehr (*Philol. Suppl.*, vol. v., p. 190-196) and Diels identify him with the Damasias of the fragment. Solon had made the qualification for the archonship depend not on birth, but on property. Only members of the first class were eligible. No doubt the larger number of this class were Eupatrids, but nothing prevented *ἄποικοι* or *δημονυροί* from belonging to it. When the archon Damasias had done what Solon was urged to do, but refrained from doing, viz., kept in office beyond his year, and thus became a *τύραννος*, and had to be driven from his position by force, an arrangement (according to Busolt, *Griech. Gesch.* i. p. 544, this arrangement only held good for the year after Damasias) was made between the three sections that henceforth there should be four archons from the Eupatrids, and three and two from the *ἄποικοι* and *δημονυροί* respectively, all belonging to the first class. This is Diels' view of the meaning of the fragment, which seems to us to fit in admirably with what we know about the Athenian archonship; the last step being that of Aristeides, who abolished the property qualification, throwing the archonship open to all (*Plut. Arist.* 22 *τοὺς ἄρχοντας & Αθηναϊών πάντων αἰρέσθαι*). In conclusion we may say that Landwehr has not convinced us that, by Solon's reform, Eupatrids alone were eligible to the archonship, and that

the usual opinion, as stated above, is wrong. Pollux 8, 85, distinctly states that in the *ἀράκρισις* of the archons one question was *εἰ τὸ τιμωντας ἔριον*. This, of course, applies to the time before Aristeides' reform, after which the question ran *εἰ τὰ τέλη τελοῦσι*, cf. *Lex. Rhetor. Cantabr.*, p. 670, 19; Cratinus in *Athen. xi.*, p. 480 F; and Dinarchus 2, 17.

*Der Attische Eigentumsstreit im System der Diadikasien.* Von G. A. Leist. (Jena: Fischer.) Dr. Leist starts in this interesting pamphlet with a discussion of the definitions of *δικαιοπόρος τιμωντας* as given by Meier and Lipsius, and limits them to actions for breaches of obligation *ex contractu*, grouping the other actions, which are usually looked upon as forming a sub-division of *δικαιοπόρος τιμωντας*, as *ἀμφιστημένοις* (the *controversiae* of Roman law). Then he enumerates the different classes of causes coming under this general term, and discusses the nature of the *διαδικασία*—the peculiar form of procedure in such cases; the litigants cannot be distinguished as plaintiffs and defendants, the contest between the two or more rival parties being for preference (*τηρητικόν πάλλοντας προστίκει*). Where, however, a right is involved, as e.g. in the case of the *heres suus*, recourse is had to the *δικη ἐξόντης*, if such an heir is prevented from taking possession of his father's property or is disturbed in the possession of it, such property being *ἀναψισθήτητον*; and to cases of such a nature Leist limits the *δικη ἐξόντης*, yet some *δικαιοπόροι* in the orators can only with difficulty be explained from this point of view. Reiske's explanation of *ἡ καταδεδικασμένον παλεοθεῖαι* (*Isaeus*, 10, 24) is rightly preferred by Leist to Schoemann's, but we doubt whether sentence could be given against the defendant by the presiding magistrate (p. 11). Leist doubts the existence of *ager publicus* in Attica, but cf. Boeckh, *Staatsk. i.*, p. 414 foll. and Büchsenhütz, *Besitz u. Erwerb*, p. 63, n. 5.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Earl of Carnarvon, we hear, has recently come into possession of the autograph MSS. of the famous Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son. As it is manifest that these originals were not sent to the printers, we may conjecture that they contain modifications or additions of considerable interest.

WE hear that the corporation of the City of London will shortly publish, though only for private circulation, a history of the Guildhall, which will form an interesting memorial of the antiquarian tastes of the retiring lord mayor.

THE second part of *The Return from Parnassus* has long been familiar to students of the Elizabethan drama. It was known that it originally formed the concluding portion of a trilogy, which included *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus* and the two parts of the *Return*; but the other two dramas were supposed to be totally lost. They have, however, been recently discovered in one of Hearne's volumes of miscellaneous collections in the Bodleian Library by the Rev. W. D. Macray, who has prepared an edition of the complete trilogy, with notes, glossary, &c., in a single octavo volume. The two newly-recovered plays abound in illustrations of social life and scholars' struggles at the University of Cambridge at the opening of the seventeenth century; but even greater interest attaches to the fresh notices of Shakspeare, of so early a date as 1600, which they afford. For the text of the third play, the editor has collated all the printed editions, as well as a MS. in the possession of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, and has been enabled to restore the meaning of many passages which have hitherto been unintelligible. The book will be published very shortly by the Clarendon Press.

\* A mark in the papyrus, according to Diels indicating an omission.

MR. FROUDE'S *Oceana* has now reached a sale of 100,000 copies.

A NEW Encyclopaedia of Education, under the editorship of Mr. A. Sonnenschein and the Rev. E. D. Price, assisted by specialists in their various departments, is now in the course of preparation. The work will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. We may add that a first instalment of a provisional index appears in the current number of the *Journal of Education*.

The Christmas number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* will contain contributions by Mr. Swinburne, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. D. Christie Murray, and the author of "Mehalah," besides illustrations by Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. du Maurier, Miss Clara Montalba, Mr. Hugh Thomson, &c.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE & CO. have arranged with Messrs. Scribner & Co., of New York, for the agency in the United Kingdom of their new shilling illustrated monthly magazine, to be called *Scribner's Magazine*, the first number of which will be issued on January 1 of next year.

UNDER the title of *The Wisdom of Edmund Burke*, Mr. John Murray announces a selection from Burke's speeches and writings, chiefly bearing upon political questions, edited by Mr. E. A. Pankhurst.

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY will publish immediately *A Look Round Literature*, by Mr. Robert Buchanan.

MESSRS. BENTLEY have long made a specialty of handsome books dealing with the annals of the French court. For the coming winter they announce a new edition of Julia Pardoe's *Louis the Fourteenth and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century*, in three volumes, illustrated with portraits on steel and woodcuts; and a cheap single volume edition of Mme. Campan's *Private Life of Marie Antoinette*.

The next monthly issue in the series of "Canterbury Poets" will be two volumes of Byron, arranged and edited, with an introduction, by Miss Mathilde Blind.

MR. WALTER SCOTT will publish in the course of the present month, a revised edition, in crown quarto form, and printed on handmade paper, of Mr. William Sharp's *Sonnets of this Century*. A limited large paper edition will also be issued.

MESSRS. CORNISH BROS., of Birmingham, announce a volume of poems by Mr. Alfred Hayes, formerly of New College, Oxford, to be called *The Last Crusade*.

*The Chronicles of the Coniston Family* is the title of a one-volume novel announced by Mr. Elliot Stock as shortly to be issued by him.

MR. EDWIN HODDER'S Life of the late Earl of Shaftesbury will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Company next week.

SIR PHILIP PERING'S *Hard Knots in Shakspere* has got to a second edition, which is expected next week. In it he deals with six fresh plays. It is a book of considerable merit.

ON December 1 will be issued the first number of a weekly periodical, entitled *The Lancashire Witch*, to be published simultaneously in the cities of Manchester and Liverpool and the chief towns of the county Palatine. In addition to printing serial stories, it will pay considerable attention to local antiquities and folklore.

THE Dean of Wells will contribute a study of Dante to the December number of the *Scottish Church*, which with that part enters on its fourth volume.

NOTWITHSTANDING the very large edition

which Messrs. Cassell & Company have prepared of *Yule Tide* for Christmas, 1886, orders have already been received from the trade for many thousands in excess of the entire quantity printed. It will be impossible to reprint the number, owing to the length of time that would be required for the production of the coloured plates.

THE jurors at the Edinburgh Exhibition, just closed, have awarded a gold medal to the Clarendon Press publications, with special mention of the Oriental works included in the exhibit.

MR. FREDERICK W. WILSON, of Glasgow (lately of Wilson & McCormick), who organised the Glasgow Reading Club and the New Library, announces the intention, as soon as he has completed arrangements, of resuming his library connexion in the city.

DR. CARL HORSTMANN has now resolved to print for the Early English Text Society this year the earliest MS. of the Lives of Saints, the Laud in the Bodleian; for, though it is incomplete and out of the Church's order of feasts, it represents the foundation text of the latter collection, dating from the latter half of the thirteenth century.

PROF. F. J. CHILD has nearly finished Part IV. of his great comparative edition of our English and Scotch Ballads. He has been reading and lecturing on Chaucer lately to a room full of Harvard students and the public, some 250 in number, whose enjoyment was of the heartiest.

"I never knew Chaucer to fail. He requires no bolstering; and one never has to bully people into calling him a great and delightful poet, as sometimes one has to do with Spenser, Goethe, &c."

THE eight session of the Aristotelian Society will be opened, at 22, Albemarle Street, on Monday evening, November 8, at 8 p.m., by an address from the president, Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, on "The Reorganisation of Philosophy." Subsequent meetings will be occupied in discussing the political theory of the late Prof. Green, and the neo-Kantian movement in relation to science, to be introduced by Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Romanes. Studies from Malebranche, Leibnitz, Lotze, and the Augustinian philosophy will be given by Mr. Carr, Miss Handley, Mr. Ogilvie, and Mrs. Brooksbank. Dr. Cattell has promised an account of psycho-physical researches recently conducted at Leipzig. Several philosophical questions are to be handled by Messrs. Chandler, Conybeare, Daphne, and Scrymgour, including "The Distinction of Logic, Physic, and Ethic," "The Relation of Language to Thought," "The Distinction of Fact and Right," and "The Theory of Motion." Hegel is again to be represented by Mr. Alexander in a study of the *Rechtsphilosophie*. And Dr. Bain will close the session with a discussion of "The Ultimate Questions of Philosophy."

ON Wednesday next, November 10, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the library of Mr. Francis Henry Dickinson, of Kings Weston, Somerset, which contains a large number of rare liturgical works, both MSS. and early printed books, as well as copies of the Fathers edited by the Benedictines.

#### UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. M. W. MACCALLUM, professor of English at Aberystwith, has been elected to the newly founded chair of modern literature in the University of Sydney. There were forty-seven candidates; and up to the last moment, we hear, the competition was very severe. Many of the candidates showed, by their testimonials, a thorough knowledge of German; but, oddly

enough, there was far less evidence of knowledge of French. Prof. MacCallum, we may add, first distinguished himself at Glasgow as a pupil of Prof. Nicol. In 1884 he published a volume of *Studies in Low and High German Literature* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), which was noteworthy for its popular treatment of an abstruse subject. It is gratifying to know, especially at the present moment, that the appointment has been awarded to a genuine scholar.

THE Master of Balliol will deliver two lectures on "Boswell's Life of Johnson," on behalf of the Association for the Education of Women in Oxford.

THE Hon. I. G. N. Keith Falconer, the newly appointed Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, in succession to Dr. W. Robertson Smith, proposes to deliver three public lectures next week, on "The Meccan Pilgrimage."

THE Rev. Dr. E. Moore, Barlow lecturer on Dante at University College, London, will deliver on Wednesday and Thursday of next week two lectures on "The Textual Criticism of the *Divina Commedia*." His two inaugural lectures will shortly be published, with considerable additions and illustrative notes, by Mr. David Nutt. Besides being delivered in London this week, they were also repeated at Oxford.

IN addition to his regular course of lectures, Prof. J. H. Middleton has intimated that he will be glad to advise or assist any members of the University who may desire to enter upon the study of art, either practically as artists, or as students of art history and archaeology.

DR. BARRATT, of London, has offered to present to the Museum of General and Local Archaeology at Cambridge two large cases containing a collection of Roman antiquities, chiefly objects in bronze and glass, altars, &c. The collection is not only valuable in itself, but it will form the nucleus of a department not as yet represented in the museum.

FROM the annual report of the Oxford Delegates for Local Lectures, we learn that more than 6,000 students attended courses during the past year. Much advantage has been taken of an ingenious scheme by which a travelling library accompanies the lecturers, containing copies of the principal books recommended by them. By the help of private subscriptions, the Rev. W. Hudson Shaw has been appointed the first endowed university extension lecturer. During this winter sixty courses of lectures will be delivered in connexion with the system, among the lecturers being Bishop Stubbs and the Dean of Salisbury.

MR. A. W. VERITY, scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, has published his Harness prize-essay, *The Influence of Christopher Marlowe on Shakspere's earlier Style*. This essay is a temperate yet firm assertion of Marlowe's right to be considered the real creator of blank verse, the first maker of the weapon which Shakspere wielded with still greater effect than his teacher. Mr. Verity has some interesting remarks on the priority of Shakspere's "Richard III." to his "Richard II.," and on the resemblances between the latter play and Marlowe's "Edward II." No Shakspere student will think his two shillings ill spent in the purchase of Mr. Verity's sensible little treatise.

THE *Oxford Magazine* for November 3 contains a list of the scholarships won during the past year, arranged according to schools. Such statistics must always be incomplete; but it may be worth mentioning that Marlborough stands first with nine, followed by Bath and Clifton with five each.

## ORIGINAL VERSE.

## LOVE'S SOUR LEISURE.

"O ABSENCE, what a torment wouldest thou prove,  
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
To entertain the time with thoughts of love."

As a poem in my mind  
Thy sweet lineaments are shrined.  
From the memory, alas!  
Sweetest, sweetest verse will pass;  
And the fragments I must piece,  
Lest the fair tradition cease.  
There is balmy air, I trow,  
On the uplands of thy bry;  
But the temples' veined mound  
Is the muses' sacred ground;  
While the tresses pale are groves  
That the laurelled godhead loves.  
There's a something in the cheek  
Like a dimple still to seek,  
As my poet timidly  
Love's incarnate kiss would flee.  
But the mouth!—that land to own  
Long did Aphrodite moan,  
Ere the virgin goddess grave  
From the tempests of the wave  
That most noble clime did win,  
Who, retreating to the chin,  
Took her boy's bow for a line  
The sweet bound'ry to define,  
And about the beauteous bays  
Still in orb'd queenship plays.  
I have all the charact'ry  
Of thy features, and lack thee;  
While by couples to confess  
What I wholly would possess  
Doth but whet the appetite  
Of my too long-fasting sight;  
Vainly if mine eyes entreat,  
Tears will be their daily meat.

MICHAEL FIELD.

## MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE Century for this month (Unwin), which commences a new volume, contains the first instalment of the important biography of Abraham Lincoln by his private secretaries, Mr. J. G. Nicolay and Mr. John Hay. The writers certainly possess unequalled qualification for their task. In addition to having been intimately associated with Lincoln during their long term of official service, they have the important advantage of being natives of the district in which he was born, and of having been personally familiar with many of his oldest friends. The MSS. of Lincoln in the possession of the family have been placed at their disposal; and they state that they have spent the greater part of their time during the last sixteen years in mastering the contents of this mass of documentary material, and in supplementing it with all the information procurable from public or private sources. The work ought to prove one of the most important contributions to current American history that have been published during this century. The chapters before us, relating to Lincoln's parentage and his life as a pioneer, are interesting reading. The portrait, which is given as a frontispiece, is well engraved, and full of character. The expression is more attractive than in the late portraits familiar in this country. The remaining contents of the number are all good in various degrees—except a foolish attempt at humour headed "Legal Proof of Self-Defence." English readers will be most attracted by a short poem of unusual beauty by Mr. Andrew Lang, and by an article on "Old Chelsea," which may make many a Londoner blush for his own ignorance. The illustrations to this article are excellent, especially the copy of Mr. Seymour Haden's etching of "Chelsea Reach."

Mr. BICKLEY's paper in the *Antiquary* on the parish of Woking is well worth reading, though it is very thin. We are at a loss to understand how

it is that, with the enormous amount of record evidence at our disposal, so few persons, when their interest is aroused in any English town or village, do not go at once to the right sources for information. The paper on "Lucilio Vanini" by Mr. C. E. Plumptre, is a most excellent one. It was read in substance last year before the Aristotelian Society. Vanini was misunderstood and grossly slandered during life. He died a martyr's death by fire, and since he passed away his career has attracted little attention. The few who have spoken concerning him have been content to call him a martyr for atheism. Nothing can be further from the truth. Vanini was one of those who tried to find a reasonable basis for knowledge in theology as well as in all things else. That he failed is certain. He lived in an age of crude guesses, when to arrive at truth was impossible. That he ever broke with the authentic teaching of the Roman Church we do not believe. That he was in the habit of receiving the sacraments to the last seems certain. His teaching, was, however, in antagonism to popular beliefs, and he suffered a horrible death in consequence.

## A VISIT TO GOETHE.

As it is probable that there are few of my countrymen who can have had the opportunity of personal acquaintance with Goethe, it has occurred to me that a brief account of a visit that I paid to the great poet of Germany in 1830 may possess some interest for those under whose eyes these lines may come, especially as the visit led incidentally, after an interval of forty years, to an interchange of letters between a great English writer and myself, which will enable me to place before the reader an original and unpublished letter of Thomas Carlyle on a literary question arising from my visit to Goethe.

In the summer of 1830 I left England for Dresden for the purpose of prosecuting my studies in the German language, and, having arrived at Frankfort, I engaged a Lohn-Kutscher to convey me to Dresden, via Weimar. Having passed the night at the latter place, I ordered the horses to be ready to continue my journey; but, before starting, I told the landlord that I was most anxious to see the great poet of Germany, who was then Prime Minister at the Court of Weimar. He told me that a similar wish was frequently expressed by travellers from every country, passing through Weimar; but that the minister never acceded to it, excepting in the case of persons bringing him letters of introduction from great personages or intimate friends. Nevertheless, I would not give up my object without making an attempt to attain it, so I sat down and wrote a note to the great man, the contents of which I need not record here, even if I could remember them. Suffice it to say that they were as persuasive as I could make them, and with my note in my hand I drove to Goethe's house. Having gained admittance, I requested the servant, who opened the door, to take my note to his Excellency. While he was executing this commission, I looked around the entrance hall, where a bust of Byron occupied a prominent place opposite the door, and awaited anxiously the result of my audacious attempt. To my great surprise and joy he returned saying that he was instructed to conduct me to his Excellency's study. When I entered it, he was sitting at his writing table. I will not attempt to retrace here a portrait of the great poet's features. They are too well-known, from existing pictures, busts, and prints, to require it. I need only say that, although upwards of eighty years had left their indelible traces on his countenance, it was still one of the most striking that had ever met my eyes.

He looked like what he was—one of nature's noblemen. Rising from his seat, he gave me his hand, and, with a good-natured smile, which put me at my ease at once, and satisfied me that he had not taken offence at my unauthorized note, he motioned to me to be seated, and asked me what was my object in visiting Germany. After a few minutes of general conversation he pointed to a large volume lying before him on the table, and said, "It is curious that when your visit was announced to me I was engaged in making a few notes on your old English literature. Is that a subject that has ever engaged your attention?" To this I was fortunately able to make an affirmative reply, as I had not long before, when at Oxford, spent some time in the study of Anglo-Saxon, and was, moreover, well up in Chaucer, which enabled me to elucidate a few old words and phrases which he had marked as requiring explanation. This circumstance evidently gave him pleasure, and he asked me whether I could not defer my departure for a day or two, adding that his daughter-in-law, Mdme. de Goethe, had a few friends coming to her in the evening, and that he should like to introduce me to her and to them. It is needless to say that I gladly acquiesced; and I spent two days most agreeably in Weimar, passing half-an-hour of each morning with Goethe, and the evenings in the *salon* of Mdme. de Goethe, where I met all the *élite* of Weimar society. On the third morning, when I went to take leave of the poet, after thanking him for all his kindness to me, I ventured to ask if he would complete it by writing for me a stanza which I might keep as an autograph memento of my visit. After a minute's reflection he wrote for me the following quatrain:

"Liegst dir Gestern klar und offen,  
Wirkst du heute kräftig treu:  
Kannst auch auf ein Morgen hoffen,  
Das nicht minder glücklich sey!"

I must add, alas! that after my return to England I put away this autograph so carefully that, on coming back from the United States, where I spent the years 1834-5-6, I never could find it again, though the stanza was indelibly engraven on my memory.

In 1869, nearly forty years after my visit to Goethe, never having met with the above quatrain among his published works, I sent the stanza with a note to Carlyle, asking him whether it was known to him, and whether it was to be found among Goethe's printed works. This note elicited the following reply:

"5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Nov. 23, 1869.

"DEAR SIR,—Your agreeable letter from Lisbon found me yesternight, and I am happy to be able to throw some little light on your Inquiry. The Goethe quatrain, given you in those interesting circumstances, and afterwards lost, has hung here, in 'facsimile of Autograph,' attached to a lithograph portrait of Goethe for about 43 years now, and always regarded as one of the Penates of the House. Where this lithograph Portrait was got I cannot now recollect; but I think it must have been from Hamburg in 1826—as the readiest obtainable Portrait of Goethe—and in German Printshops most probably it is still on sale as such. It does tolerably resemble, though quite without *flattery*, an earnest, patient heavy-laden old man, cheeks hollow, upper front teeth gone, etc. 'Bendixen' and 'Vogel,' names unknown to me, are Painter and Engraver; length of the Print, epigraph and all, is about 14 inches. (Epigraph itself about 3 inches.) It was from this portrait that I took your quatrain, translated it, printed it somewhere—not as the barbarous, timber-headed Editor gives it, but accurately thus:

"Know'st thou yesterday, its aim and reason;  
Work'st thou well to-day for worthy things:  
Calmly wait to-morrow's hidden season;  
Need'st not fear what hap so'e'er it brings."  
"The original and your remembrance of it differ

only in one monosyllable 'frey' instead of 'treu'—important only for the rhyme—and the Hand is evidently Goethe's, in good strong Roman Letters—*facsimile* completely correct—Date 'Weimar 7 Nov. 1825.'

"Not having the *Index* to my Goethes Werke (the final Cotta one) I cannot at once ascertain whether these lines are in Goethe's Printed Works or not; tho' I rather think they are. If you wish it ascertained, I will with pleasure have that done. If you return to London while I continue here, pray call and see the Picture and me—glad of this pleasant unexpected passage between us; and begging always a place in your remembrance.—I remain yrs. sincerely T. CARLYLE.

**ZAHME XENIEN.**

'Liegt dir Gestern klar und offen,  
Wirkst du heute kräftig frey:  
Kannst auch auf ein Morgen hoffen,  
Das nicht minder glücklich sey.'

is in *Goethes Werke*, 1828, *Ausgabe letzter Hand*, vol. iv., page 337. I have had it by heart for some forty years past, as also the one opposite to it on page 336.

'Halte dich im Stillen rein,  
Und lass es um dich wettern;  
Jeh mehr du fühlst ein Mensch zu seyn,  
Desto ähnlicher bist du den Göttern.'

"Both in Section IV. of *Zahme Xenien* at the end. "T. C."

In respect to the sentence in Carlyle's letter which I have underlined, and in which he states that "frey" instead of "treu," is important only for the rhyme, I must state my conviction that in the quatrain as given to me by Goethe (and which we now know had been composed three or four years before) the second line ended with "treu" and not with "frey"; and with all due deference to the high authority of Carlyle, I venture to affirm that in that place, "treu" is better in sense, and as good in rhyme as "frey." Moreover it is more actually represented by Carlyle's own translation, "Work'st thou to-day for worthy things," where "frey" seems a mere expletive with little meaning. With respect to the rhyme, any German scholar who takes an interest in the question may easily satisfy himself that (at least in Goethe's opinion) the one word is as permissible as the other, for he will find in the minor poems of Goethe scores of passages in which the diphthong "eu" is made to rhyme with "ei" and "ey." Several of these are now before me in the *Xenien*—"Freude" rhyming with "Beide," "Scheu" with "sey," "treu" with "vorbei."

CH. A. MURRAY.

**THE FIFTH JUBILEE OF HARVARD.**

THE following is a copy of the congratulatory address sent by the University of Cambridge to Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the occasion of the celebration, on November 6, 7, 8, of the 250th anniversary of the foundation of Harvard College:

"Academia Cantabrigiensis Cantabrigiae Transatlanticae salutem dicit plurimam.—Quanta cum voluptate epistolam illam nuperime accepimus, in qua Academiam nobiscum et nomine et origine coniunctissimae sacra saecularia celebratur, etiam nostram Academiam sacris illis interesse voluntis. Iuvat prefecto diem illum faustum prope presentem contemplari quem nuper illo die approximantem prospicimus quo vestris ex alumnis unum, virum litterarum laude insignem, titulo nostro honorifico ornavimus. Iuvat Academiam illam cuius professores illustres in senaculo nostro identidem salutavimus, ipsam litteris hisce vetera hospitii iura testantibus et longinquæ saitem affari. Nos certe, temporis et spatii intervallo iniquo exclusi, et negotiis Academicis impediti, non possumus qua voluisse frequentia ludos illos vestros praesentes celebrare. Unum tamen nostro numero delegimus qui nostro omnium nomine nostras omnium gratulations legatus ad vos perferat. Non aliter vosmetipsi (iuvat recordari) e professorum vestrorum ordine insigni virum

eximium Collegium illud antiquum non ita pridem salutatum misistis, unde prefectus unus ex alumnis nostris, ducentesimo quinquagesimo abhinc anno, extra Britanniae terminos artiores Collegium primum illorum ad fructum condidit qui eadem ac nos utuntur lingua, eisdem ac nos litterarum monumentis antiquis gloriantur. Laetatur Academiam illam vestram quam velut filiam nostram non sine superbia contemplamur, ipsam tot Collegiis novis trans aquor Atlanticum quasi matrem extitisse. Etenim flamma illa prima quam conditor illi vester trans oceanum secum pertulit, e vobis usque ad ulterioris oceani fluctus transmissa, aliud ex alio culmen igne novo deinceps accendit:

ὑπερέθλη τε πόντον ἔστε νωτίσαι . . .  
σθένουσα λαυρὰ οὐδέποτε μαρούμενα . . .  
κηγειρε πλλῆν ἐκδοχὴν ποτῷ πυρός.

Facem illam doctrinæ utinam fratribus nostris Transatlanticis diutissime praetendatis, locique nomen non minus nobis quam vobis carum plurima in saecula indies illustri reditatis. Valete. Datum Cantabrigiae pridie idus Octobres A.S. MDCCCLXXXVI."

**SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.**  
**GENERAL LITERATURE.**

- BARDOUX, A. *La bourgeoisie française*, 1789-1848. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.  
BASTIAN, A. *Indonesien od. die Inseln d. Malayischen Archipel*. 3. Lfg. Sumatra u. Nachbarschaft. Berlin: Dümmler. 7 M.  
COSQUIN, E. *Contes populaires de Lorraine*. Paris: Vieweg. 20 fr.  
DREVES, G. M. *Canticiones bohemicae*. Leipzig: Fues. 5 M.  
MAEMBERT, X. *Souvenirs d'un voyageur*. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.  
MOLINET, E. *Les bronzes de la Renaissance: les Plaques*. Paris: Rouan. 40 fr.  
OURSEL, Mdm. N. N. *Nouvelle biographie normande*. Paris: Picard. 35 fr.  
REIN, J. J. *Japan, nach Reisen u. Studien im Auftrag der königl. preuss. Regierung dargestellt*. 2. Bd. Land- u. Forstwirtschaft, Industrie u. Handel. Leipzig: Engelmann. 24 M.  
SCHILLER, H. *Handbuch der praktischen Pädagogik f. höhere Lehranstalten*. Leipzig: Fues. 10 M.  
SCHNEIDER, F. *Der Dom zu Mainz*. Geschichte u. Beschreibung d. Baues u. seiner Wiederherstellung. Berlin: Ernst & Korn. 6 M.  
STERZEL, G. F. A. *Comte als Pädagog*. Leipzig: Fues. 1 M. 50 Pt.  
ULBACH, L. *Espana et Portugal: Notes et impressions*. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.

**THEOLOGY, ETC.**

- HILGENFELD, A. *Judenthum u. Christenthum*. Leipzig: Fues. 2 M. 40 Pt.  
KREYHER, J. L. *Annaeus Seneca u. seine Beziehungen zum Urchristentum*. Berlin: Gaertner. 5 M.

**HISTORY, ETC.**

- BENOIT-LÉVY, E. *Histoire de quinze ans*, 1870-1885. Paris: Derveaux. 10 fr.  
FISCHER, R. *Quaestlionum de praetoribus atticis saeculi quinti et quarti A.C. specimen*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.  
FORAS, le Comte Amédée de. *Le Droit du seigneur au moyen age*. Chambéry: Perrin. 3 fr. 50 c.  
HEEGEL, G. *Ueb. die Trojanerage der Briten*. München: Oldenbourg. 2 M.  
LEONIS X. *Pontificis Maximi, regesta*. Colligit et ed. J. Hergenroether. Fasec 4. Friburg-i.-B.: Herder. 7 M. 50 Pt.  
MARKWART, O. *Wilibald Pirkheimer als Geschichtsschreiber*. Zürich: Meyer & Zeller. 3 M. 50 Pt.  
MATTHIAS, C. *Die Mecklenburger Frage in der ersten Hälfte d. 18. Jahrh. u. das Dekret Kaisers Karl VI. vom 11. Mai 1723*. Posen: Jolowicz. 1 M.  
POINSIGNON, M. *Histoire générale de la Champagne et de la Brie*. Paris: Picard. 24 fr.  
RICASOLI, BARONE B. *Lettore e documenti, pubblicati per cura di M. Tabarrini e A. Gottl.* Vol. I. 1829-1849. Florence: Le Monnier. 8 fr.  
SEIDENSTICKLER, A. *Waldgeschichte d. Alterthums*. 2. Bd. Nach Cäsar. Frankfurt-a.-O.: Trowitzsch. 8 M.  
SOFFNER, J. *Geschichte der Reformation in Schlesien*: Fasec. 1. Breslau: Aderholz. 2 M.  
VASCHALDE, H. *Olivier de Serres, Seigneur du Pradel*. Paris: Pion. 10 fr.  
WENGEN, F. v. der. *Geschichte der Kriegsereignisse zwischen Preussen u. Hannover 1866*. Gotha: Perthes. 20 M.

**PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.**

- DIENER, C. *Libanon. Grundlinien der phys. Geographie u. Geologie v. Mittel-Syrien*. Wien: Hölder. 18 M.  
GUILLIER, A. *Géologie du département de la Sarthe. Supplément par E. Chelot*. Paris, 15, rue de Tourton. 20 fr.  
KRAUSE, M. *Die Transformation der hyperelliptischen Funktionen erster Ordnung nebst Anwendungen*. Leipzig: Teubner. 10 M.  
MAN, J. G. de. *Anatomische Untersuchungen über freilebende Nordsee-Nematoden*. Leipzig: Frohberg. 28 M.

THON, F. *Katalog der österreichischen Cicadinen*. Wien: Hölder. 1 M. 60 Pt.

**PHILOLOGY, ETC.**

- BLUMMER, H. *Technologie u. Terminologie der Gewerbe u. Künste bei Griechen u. Römern*. 4. Bd. 1. Abth. Leipzig: Teubner. 10 M. 80 Pt.  
COLIZZA, G. *Lingua Avare nel Nord-Est dell'Africa*. Wien: Hölder. 3 M.  
DAHL, B. *Zur handschriftenkunde u. kritik d. ciceronischen Catō major*. II. *Codices Parisini Christiani*: Dybwad. 1 M.  
KOPP, A. *Beiträge zur griechischen Excerpten-Litteratur*. Berlin: Gaertner. 6 M.  
LIEUWEN, J. van. u. M. B. MENDES DA COSTA. *Der Dialekt der homerischen Gedichte. Aus dem holländ. übers. v. E. Mehler*. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M. 40 Pt.  
LIENEMANN, O. *Eigentümlichkeiten d. Englischen der Vereinigten Staaten neben wenig bekannten Americanismen*. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.  
MUELLER, F. *Grundriss der Sprachwissenschaft*. 3. Bd. 2. Abth. 2. Hälfte. 2 Lfg. Die Sprachen der mittelägyptischen Rasse. Wien: Hölder. 5 M.  
MUTZBAUER, O. *Der homerische Gebrauch der Partikel πέντε*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2 M.  
NEUMANN, F. *Die romanische Philologie*. Leipzig: Fues. 2 M.  
PLAUT, T. M. *Comoediae. Recensuit et enarravit J. L. Ussing*. Vol. V. Copenhagen: Gyldendal. 14 kr.  
RUDOW, C. F. W. *Verslehre u. Stil der rumänischen Volklieder*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.  
SCHREIBER, J. *Mannuel de la langue Tigre parlée au centre et dans le nord de l'Abysinie*. Wien: Hölder. 6 M.  
SCHWEITZ, H. *Sophokleische Studien*. Gotha: Perthes. 1 M. 20 Pt.  
SCHULZ, F. F. *Quibus ex fontibus fluxerint Agidis, Cleomenis, Arati vitae Plutarchea*. Berlin: Haack. 2 M.  
SUSEMHL, F. *De politicis Aristotelis quæstiones criticæ*. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M. 40 Pt.  
WEYMAN, C. *Studien üb. die Figur der Litotes*. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M.

**CORRESPONDENCE.****SHAKSPERE'S ACCENTUATION OF PROPER NOUNS.**

Hampstead: Oct. 30, 1886.

There appears to be a very general misapprehension as to Shakspere's practice with respect to the pronunciation of names of persons and places. In an edition of *Julius Caesar* published in "Gill's School Series" there occurs (p. 122) this note, to which exception may fairly be taken:

"A halting line (4.3.223) that can scarcely be scanned at all except as follows:  
'We'll along' | ourselves' | and meet them | at Phi' | lippi.'

The words 'meet them' must be slurred together to make the line read well."

But why *Phi'-lippi*? Shakspere puts the accent in its proper (Latin) place, on the second syllable, in other lines; why not in this? The line is not a "halting" line if read thus:

"We'll along' | ourselves' | and meet' | them at' | Philip' | pi,'"

along being read as a monosyllable (see Abbott's *Shakspereian Grammar*, § 460, for numerous similar abbreviations), as above must be in Milton, *Paradise Lost*, 10.149:

"Wherein God set thee above her made of thee." The word *Philippi* occurs in ten lines—twice in the second foot, twice in the third, three times in the fourth, and three times in the fifth. I shall trespass sufficiently upon your space if I give one example of each:

Second foot, 4.3.209:

"If at | Philip' | pi we' | do face' | him there' | .

Third foot, 4.3.202:

"The peo' | pie 'twixt | Philip' | pi and' | this round' | ."

Fourth foot, 5.1.5:

"They mean' | to warn' | us at' | Philip' | pi here' | ."

Fifth foot, 5.3.168:

"Bend'ing | their ex' | pedit' | ion to'ard' | Philip' | pi."

The anonymous editor's *Phi'-lippi* was not Shakspere's accentuation, I believe, and probably not the Roman, although it was the Greek.

Again, in the word *Messala*, Shakspere is, I contend, invariably right in his accentuation; it is Dr. Abbott who is wrong.

In his *Shakesperian Grammar* (ed. 1884) § 506, Dr. Abbott marks the accent on the second syllable, *Messa'la*; but in § 480 on the first, *Mes'sala*. Cf. § 506, J. C. 5.1.70:

"Messa' | la !—| What says' | my gen' | eral' | ?" with § 480, J. C. 4.3.231:

"Lucius', | my gown' | Fare' | well; good' | Mes'sa' | la."

But why *Mes'sala* and not *Messa'la*? In eleven other lines the word occurs four times in the second foot, once in the fourth, and eight times in the fifth. I limit myself to one example of each:

Second foot, 5.2.1:

"Ride, ride', | Messa' | la, ride', | and give' | these bills' | ."

Fourth foot, 4.3.139:

"And come' | yourselves', | and bring' | Messa' | la with' | you."

Fifth foot, 4.3.161:

"Come in', | Titin' | ius! Wel' | come, good' | Messa' | la."

Similarly I have tested *Dunsinane* in *Macbeth*, and find it invariably accented on the first and third syllables. The scansion, therefore, of *Macbeth*, 5.5.46, should be, I submit:

"Comes to' | ward Dun' | sinane'. | Arm, arm', | and out' | ."

Milton's *Paradise Lost*, 9.495 (and other lines) supporting *to'ward*:

"In ser' | pent, in' | mate had' ! | and to' | ward Eve | ."

In *King Henry V.* the accent will be found to be invariably on the first syllable of *Harfleur*. In the use of proper nouns, as of other words, Shakspere does not hesitate to vary the number of syllables, but he does not vary the position of the accent. *Cassius* and *Portia* may be two or three syllables, according to his need, *Volumnius* and *Lucilius* may be three or four; but the position of the accent is always the same. This appears to me to be Shakspere's principle, and many erroneous scensions would have been avoided if this principle had been acknowledged. Words such as *toward* may be found in Shakspere (and Milton) as *to'ward*, *tow'rd*, and *to'ard*, the termination, -able, may be -able, or -able; but proper nouns do not vary like words in a transition stage.

BENJAMIN DAWSON.

P.S.—The numbers of the lines are given from the Clarendon Press Series.

#### THE VOICE OF MEMNON.

Budapest: Oct. 25, 1886.

The important essay on "The Voice of Memnon," in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, which I have only just read, induces me to ask the hospitality of the ACADEMY for the following letter. It may have some interest in connexion with the influence of the phenomenon which is reported of the Egyptian Memnon upon the development of legends in the East. Stories have grown up in the Mohammedan world about musical pillars, mountains, and so forth, which are in all probability descended from the tradition about the Memnon figure.

First should here be mentioned the story (preserved in Ibn Hishām, *Leben Muhammed's*, ed. Wüstenfeld, p. 872) of the mosque at Ta'if in Arabia, where stood a pillar (*sarija*) which every day, when the sun shone on it, gave forth a note (*nākīd*). The Mohammedans delight in telling wonders of the columns of famous mosques. An account of some of these wonders may be found in the *Oesterreich. Monatschr. für den Orient*, 1886, col. 79a. In Ibn Batūta, i, p. 127, also is mentioned a

miraculous pillar from Askalon, the nature of which may be seen in *Chandler's Travels in Asia Minor* (p. 41 of the German translation, Leipzig 1776). It is, therefore, not surprising that the tradition about Memnon should likewise have been transferred to the column of a Mohammedan mosque. Here, too, belongs the legend told in Al-Hamādānī's *Iklīl*, under the heading of Jewish-Arabic story-tellers, about the castle of Gūmdān, how the statues there roared like lions whenever the wind blew on them (D. H. Müller, *Die Burgen und Schlösser Südarabiens* Heft 1, p. 57, Wien 1879; *Sitzungsberichte der Wiener Akademie*, phil. hist. Classe, Bd. 94, p. 389). In the romance of 'Antar (ed. Shāhīn, Cairo, Bd. 7, p. 120), in which many popular legends are preserved, we find another variety of the same type of story. In the episode which treats of the march of the hero Nūkma against 'Antar, he encamps near a mountain

"which is among the wonders of the world; for smoke, like black clouds, rises from the mountain and neighbourhood, failing neither summer nor winter; and, whenever the new moon rises over it, it utters a cry like the cry of mothers bereaved of their children."

All this is surely derived from the Memnon tradition.

I. GOLDZIHER.

#### WALTER DE HENLEY.

Oxford: Nov. 2, 1886.

I can easily answer Mr. Bourne's question. The MS. of Walter de Henley has not been printed in England, either in its French or Latin version. I tried to induce two Deputy Keepers of the Rolls to print certain MSS. about early English agriculture, and to reprint certain early printed books on the same subject; but I strove in vain, for no time is more lost than that lost in arguing with a stolid official who has a large salary. Perhaps some one else with more leisure and patience will be more fortunate than I was.

There are two MSS. of Walter de Henley's book in the Bodleian library. The first is known as 98 Douce. It is in beautiful preservation, and is part of a lawyer's compendium. So clean and perfect is it that, were it not for the anachronism, I should fancy it might have been written for a thirteenth-century barrister, who got no briefs because he knew no law, and had the luck to become a well-paid professor of law in an English university where he need know no law. From internal evidence, I am sure that the book was written before the middle of the thirteenth century.

The second MS. is in Latin. It is called a *carmen*, but it is not in verse or even in rhythm. This is, no doubt, what the "M. Achard" of M. Lacour, who edited the French transcript for the "Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes," saw. Who M. Achard is I cannot guess. Can it be Mr. Halliwell Phillips? I used to think that this was a fifteenth-century MS., but I am now pretty sure that it was written during the last twenty years of the fourteenth, and I find that my friend Mr. Macray, whose experience and judgment in these matters is great, has arrived at the same conclusion.

I have this morning compared the Douce MS. with the French publication. They are of the same work; but the preface of the Douce MS. is not in the French copy, and the variations in the text are numerous. I am not surprised at this. Walter de Henley's counsel to his son was a handy book of agriculture, and was, I have little doubt, copied into many manuals, most of which have been worn out or lost. I am pretty sure that Walter de Henley was the only authority on agriculture in England up to the time of Fitzherbert, who by the way constantly copies his predecessor.

I have read in some place that Walter de

Henley is really Grosteste, the great Englishman of the earlier thirteenth century. Though I think this is incorrect, I believe there is some plausibility in the error.

JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS.

WACE'S CATALOGUE OF SHIRES AT HASTINGS.  
Oriel College, Oxford: Nov. 1, 1886.

Mr. Oman notices, in the ACADEMY of October 30, 1886, p. 288, that in the list of shires given by Wace as sending contingents to Harold, Stamford and Canterbury are bracketed together. Wace's lines are as follows:

"Venu furent delivrement  
Cil de Lun' tres è cil de Kent  
Cil de Herfort è cil d'Essece  
Cil de Surée è de Sussece  
De Saint Edmund è de Sufoc  
E de Norwic è de Norfoc  
De Cantorbrere è de Stanfort  
E cil vindrent de Bedefort  
E cil ki sunt de Hundetone  
Venu sunt cil de Northantone  
&c., &c. 1284 sqq."

Is it not probable that the shire named in the list which Wace had before him was Cambridge-shire, and that Wace confused the name with that of Canterbury, which was better known to him? The order in which the districts are given is as obviously geographical as that of the Catalogue in the second book of the *Iliad*. The coupling of York and Buckingham is an apparent exception; but the case of York, as Mr. Freeman has pointed out, is peculiar, for it is stated that "D'ultra li Humbre n'i vint gaires," and, though a few volunteers may have joined from York, the shire as a whole was not represented.

CHARLES L. SHADWELL.

#### "MATERIALISM AND MORALITY."

London: Nov. 2, 1886.

Will you kindly allow me a little space to correct one—perhaps the most important—of several annoying errors of the press in my article, "Materialism and Morality," which appears in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*?

Towards the end of page 587, I have cited the following passage from the Dean of St. Paul's "Oxford University Sermons":

"The Christian idea of purity has still a hold upon our society, imperfectly enough. Can one ask a more anxious question than whether this hold will continue? No one can help seeing, I taint, many ugly symptoms. The language of revolt is hardly muttered. The ideas of purity which we have inherited and thought sacred, are boldly made the note and reproach of the Christians."

The printers have made the quotation end at "imperfectly enough," thus very greatly weakening its force, and attributing to me three sentences which are the dean's.

W. S. LILLY.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 8, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Trunk," II, by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Reorganisation of Philosophy," by the President, Mr. Shadworth H. Hodgson.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Similarities in the Physical Geography of the Great Oceans," by Mr. J. Y. Buchanan.

TUESDAY, Nov. 9, 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Inaugural Address by the President, Mr. Edward Woods, and Presentation of Medals, Premiums, and Prizes.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "The Colonies in Relation to the Empire," by Sir Graham Berry.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: Exhibition of Dr. Otto Finsch's Casts of Natives of the Pacific Islands, by Prof. Flower; an Interpretation of One of the Copan Monuments, by Dr. E. T. Hamy; "The Aborigines of Hispaniola," by Mr. H. Ling Roth.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 10, 8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "The Textual Criticism of the *Divina Commedia*," I, by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Shoulder and Arm," by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "Classification and Spiculation of the Monaxonid Sponges of the *Challenger*," by Mr. S. O. Ridley; "Anatomy and Physiology of the Monaxonid Sponges of the *Challenger*," by Mr. A. Dendy; "The Surra Parasite," by Dr. Crookshank.

THURSDAY, Nov. 11. 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Languages of the Cuneiform Inscriptions," II., by Mr. G. Bertin.

3 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "The Textual Criticism of the *Ditina Commedia*," II., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

8 p.m. Mathematical: President's Address; "Certain Operators in connexion with Symmetric Functions," by Mr. R. Lachlan; "The Transformations of a certain General Elliptic Element," by Mr. R. Russell; Discussion of a Multilinear Operator, with Applications to the Theories of Invariants and Reciprocants, by Capt. MacMahon; "The Theory of Screws in Elliptic Space," IV., by Mr. A. Buchheim; "The Rectification of certain Curves," by Mr. R. Roberts; "The Rectification of a Spheroconic," by Mr. H. W. Burstall; "Reciprocants," III., by Mr. L. J. Rogers; "The 'Sine-triangle Circle,'" by Mr. R. Tucker.

8 p.m. Telegraphic Engineers: "The Pre-determination of the Characteristics of a Dynamo," by Mr. Gisbert Kapp.

FRIDAY, Nov. 12, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Fore-arm and Hand," by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. New Shakspeare: "The Effacement of Queen Catherine, Mother of Henry VI." "The Earl of Warwick in 1 Henry VI." and "The Date of The Merchant of Venice," by Mr. Frank Marshall.

SATURDAY, Nov. 13, 8 p.m. Physical: "The Internal Resistance of Thermometers," by Mr. A. W. Clayden; "The Peculiar Sunrise Shadows of Adams Peak in Ceylon," by the Hon. Ralph Abercromby.

## SCIENCE.

*Discussions on Climate and Cosmology.* By James Croll. (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.)

Dr. CROLL has been fortunate among theorists in living to see his own explanation of the causes which lead to glacial epochs almost universally adopted, with or without minor modifications, by nearly everybody capable of forming any intelligent opinion at all upon the difficult subject to which he has devoted the best years of his working life. His new book, indeed, forces upon one more than ever a painful sense of that absolute plethora of the highest abilities in our own time which crushes and oppresses every original exponent of philosophical or scientific thought. In any age but the present, a master mind like Dr. Croll's would long since have been adequately honoured with a full measure of contemporary and popular applause. It is impossible conscientiously to follow the marvellous logical procession of these subtle dissertations without feeling at once that we stand in the presence of a great thinker, capable of working out mathematical and cosmical problems of the first order with extraordinary exhaustiveness, amplitude, and grasp. Not a line but carries with it absolute conviction, at least when its meaning and connexion have been fully perceived; not an argument but seems to provide for all possible contingencies, and rigorously to guard the door against the casual entrance of any unsuspected vitiating element. And yet, with all due respect I say it, in spite of this wonderful panoply of wide physical knowledge, and profound logical and mathematical faculty, Dr. Croll himself is scarcely known to-day even by name to the world at large. His epoch-making work on *Climate and Time* is still recognised only by the little band of like-minded workers all the world over who have eagerly appropriated and assimilated in detail the leading ideas with which it revolutionised climatological science. A man nowadays may deeply influence the thought of every thinker, and yet himself remain utterly obscure to the vast

mass of inert non-thinkers who make up ninety-nine per cent. (and a great deal more) of universal humanity in the nineteenth century.

It would be impossible within any space at my disposal here to give any adequate critical account of Dr. Croll's special arguments in most of these interesting and valuable discussions. To say the truth, nobody has any right to do so, unless he feels himself the equal in mathematical and physical knowledge of the mind itself that first produced them. Criticism should come at least from peers; and Dr. Croll's peers in these respects are few and far between. Nor is it even possible to give a mere synoptic summary of their chief features. The papers themselves consist throughout of detailed arguments and discussions, reinforcing and restating the general principles of *Climate and Time* with special reference to the modifications of the theory proposed by Mr. Wallace in *Island Life*, and to the objections more or less pertinently raised against it by sundry astronomical and physical authorities. It must suffice to say that Dr. Croll explodes Prof. Newcomb's glib objections as a man bursts a child's toy balloon; and that even against Mr. Wallace, no mean antagonist, he holds his own triumphantly and, as I venture to think, securely as well. His arguments with regard to the probable condition of Greenland and of the Antarctic ice-sheet are very bold, but seem quite irrefutable; and when he deals with the physical cause of mild polar climates, the conditions of the Southern polar area, and the error hitherto committed in estimating the temperature of space, he carries the reader irresistibly along with him, point by point, leaving a candid inquirer no choice but to follow absolutely and unhesitatingly in his footsteps. We feel we are in the hands of one who, for thorough mastery of his subject in all its bearings, has no fellow; one who has fully considered both the *a priori* cosmical and mathematical factors, and the *a posteriori* geological, geographical, and biological factors of this very involved and complex problem.

One doubt alone from time to time vaguely obtrudes itself upon the mind of a reader as he lets himself almost passively be dragged along by the sheer logical force of Dr. Croll's all-sided reasoning. Can even so great a master of fact and principle be quite certain he has taken into consideration every conceivable element of the situation? Is he not, perhaps, just a trifle too cock-sure that he has faced and laid every possible objection? I hint this doubt with extreme diffidence; for in the presence of power like his one naturally stands with bated breath and deferential hesitancy. But in his first chapter, and still more in his second, Dr. Croll speaks very confidently of his own work as a formal proof rather than as a theory still awaiting final verification.

"The conclusions are all deduced," he says, "either from known facts or from admitted physical principles, and in no case are they based on hypotheses. Hypotheses will be found in my cosmological discussions, but none when I deal with climatological questions."

Now to this statement I would oppose another, drawn from the cosmological part of this very volume, where he treats of the question whether the sum of the sun's energy is neces-

sarily derived from gravity in the condensation of the sun's mass.

"The utmost that any physicist is warranted in assuming," he says, "is simply that it is impossible for him to conceive of any other source. His inability, however, to conceive of another source cannot be accepted as a proof that there is no other source."

May not the same argument apply to part of Dr. Croll's own climatological reasoning? He has given us, no doubt, in eccentricity, with its accompanying climatic effects on air and ocean, a *vera causa*, and a *vera causa* apparently adequate to do all the work he demands of it. But can we be quite certain he has taken into consideration every possible effect of redistribution of land and water, of atmospheric currents, of cloud and snow and vegetation, of all the infinite and incalculable factors in so vast and varied a total? I admit that he seems satisfactorily to have done so; but is it only till another Croll arises to confute him? This possibility is brought vividly home to myself, his present reviewer (I will not say critic), because, after reading *Climate and Time* with the same profound sense of immediate conviction as that now forced upon me by the present volume, I next read *Island Life* on its first appearance, with an almost equal confidence that Mr. Wallace was essentially right in the modifications he there proposed for the main theory. At present, after perusing with care Dr. Croll's demonstrative and irresistible rejoinder, I am compelled once more to retrace my steps, and return to the primitive faith in the sole efficacy of a transference of heat from one hemisphere to another, without the assumed geographical changes, to produce all the known peculiarities both of glacial and interglacial periods. But this proved necessity for reconsidering and modifying opinion backward and forward in itself makes one less prone to accept any one line of reasoning, however apparently conclusive, as absolutely final and beyond appeal. The pendulum swings hither and thither, and at each swing it carries a humble inquirer along irresistibly in its wake.

The last few chapters of this fascinating book diverge from the question of the earth's climate into the wider field of pure cosmic speculation. Starting from the fact that the age of the sun's heat, as calculated by physicists on the gravitation theory, will not supply the necessary demands of evolutionists and geologists for terrestrial time, Dr. Croll sensibly decides that the age given us *a posteriori* by the sediments and the rate of denudation is more worthy of acceptance than the age given us *a priori* by the calculations of mathematical inquirers. It is no use saying, "You can't have five hundred million years," if the evidence shows us that as a matter of fact, say, five hundred million years of past history are visibly written upon the very face of the geological formations. He solves the problem—very hypothetically, it must be admitted—by positing arrested motion in space as the possible or probable cause of the sun's heat. Space, he suggests, may be pervaded with dark, but moving, bodies at the absolute temperature of the surroundings or thereabouts, which, of course, are necessarily quite invisible to us. When two of these bodies happen to collide, as collide they must at times in a certain rela-

tively fixed ratio to their number, speed, and frequency in space, a diffuse nebula would be the result. The nebula would thus start in life with an immense and practically almost inexhaustible store of heat, derived from the arrested motion of its two original component masses. This ingenious hypothesis, worked out by Dr. Croll in some detail, has probably often occurred before as a passing speculation to many minds engaged on the profounder cosmical problems. Something not unlike it is certainly hinted at in *The Unseen Universe*, and also in Mr. Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*. But it has the usual nebulousness of all nebular hypotheses; and it starts, moreover, with the large assumption of dark bodies in space whose existence could only, apparently, be verified, if ever, by their perturbing effect upon the proper motion of fixed stars, whenever we are able to arrive at the solution of that now, in most cases, seemingly insoluble problem. It is almost a pity to have bound up this interesting and suggestive, but very shadowy, idea in the same volume with the climatological papers which aim at, and endeavour to attain, a rigorous mathematical precision and certainty. But I must not part on such terms with Dr. Croll. Only one other living English writer has the power of so impressing one with the vast and cosmical grasp of his acute intellect as the profound and original discoverer of the physical theory of secular climates.

GRANT ALLEN.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE AMORITES AND THE TERAPHIM.

Queen's College, Oxford: Nov. 1, 1886.

Prof. Cheyne does not seem to be aware of the whole nature of the evidence given by the Egyptian inscriptions in regard to "the land of the Amorites." Thus, Rameses II. tells us that Kadesh on the Orontes was in "the land of the Amorites," showing that Prof. Maspero is right in making the Kadesh of Seti I. the same place; and in the time of Thothmes III. there was an Amar-seki or "sek of the Amorites" in the neighbourhood of Carchemish. The subject will be fully treated by Mr. Tomkins in a forthcoming communication to the Society of Biblical Archaeology.

The evidence presented by the Egyptian monuments is confirmatory of an interesting verse—Numb. xiii. 29—where we are told that the Amalekites dwelt southward of Judah; the Hittites, Jebusites, and Amorites "in the mountain"; and the Canaanites by the sea and in the valley of the Jordan. The statement is in complete harmony with the incidental notices of early Palestinian geography which meet us elsewhere in the Old Testament. If we regard the Hittites, Jebusites, and Amorites as representing one people—the *débris*, possibly, of the Hyksos invaders of Egypt—we find that they spread northwards from Hebron, Kirjath-sepher and Jerusalem to Shechem and the Hivite territory of Damascus and Hamath, while another portion of them occupied the country on the east side of the Jordan as far southward as the Arnon. The Amorite invasion of the district of the Arnon is recorded in the old Amorite poem fragments of which are preserved in Numb. xxi. 14, 15 and 27-30.

There are two points in Dr. Neubauer's interesting letter which I should like to supplement. My reason for believing that the Septuagint reading of El-am in the place of Hoham is a similar case to that of Hadram by the side of Jo-ram is the curious parallel that exists to it in the inscriptions of Sargon. Here the same King of Hamath is called

indifferently Yahu-bihdi and Ilu-bihdi, proving that Yahu or Yahveh and El could be used interchangeably (*c.f.* 2 Kings xxiii. 34). There was a very good reason why the name of Hoham should be changed into Elam, which did not exist in the case of the other names instanced by Dr. Neubauer. Hoham was a heathen Amorite; and, as we learn from the cuneiform texts, even a Jewish king like Ahaz (called Jeho-abaz in the Assyrian annals) was deprived of the sacred element in his name when he was considered unworthy of bearing it. We all know the superstitious care with which the Septuagint avoids transliterating the tetragrammaton.

The Assyrian inscriptions strikingly confirm Dr. Neubauer's brilliant explanation of the *teraphim*, despite the Masoretic vocalisation of the word. The Assyrians had a verb *rappu*, "to be weak," corresponding to the Hebrew *rappāh*. From this was formed the word *tarpu* (*i.e.*, *tarapu*), which signified "feeble" or "departed" (Accadian *dimmu* or *dimme*) and then "a ghost," or more exactly "an inhabitant of Hades." That *rappu* could be used in the same sense as *tarpu*, is shown by the fact that the ideograph which denotes "a spectre" has the value of *rap*. We thus have an explanation of the Hebrew Rephaim. They are "the departed" great ones, who, like the ancient heroes of Babylonian mythology, sat on their shadowy thrones in Hades, or else represented the "prehistoric" populations of the Semitic world.

We can therefore understand why it is that the Rephaim may take the place of the Hittites and Amorites in Palestine. The latter have a curious association with the institution of the six "cities of refuge." This is an institution which is looked for in vain among the Phoenicians or the Assyrians or the Babylonians, and implies the existence of great sanctuary cities. Now, it is remarkable that while, on the one hand, the cities of refuge were all in Amorite territory, on the other hand, the centres of Hittite or Amorite power with which we are acquainted were all great sanctuaries. The classical representative of Carchemish was Hierapolis; Kadesh, "the sanctuary," was the capital of the Hittites on the Orontes in the time of Rameses II.; while Hebron and Kadesh in Galilee, like Ashteroth-Karnaim, were Amorite or Hittite towns. In Asia Minor also the great cities were at once sanctuaries and cities of refuge, and in them, as in Hierapolis and Ashteroth-Karnaim, the supreme object of worship was a goddess.

A. H. SAYCE.

## THE "PIGEON MONASTERY" OF FA-HIEN.

Wark, Northumberland: Oct. 29, 1886.

In looking over copies of the ACADEMY which I had not seen before, I yesterday came across the letter of Dr. Burgess, which appeared on August 7, about the "Pigeon Monastery" of the Chinese Buddhist pilgrims.

There cannot, I suppose, be very much doubt about the correctness of his identification; but I should like to make it known that the reading of Hiuen Tsang, which makes the phonetic symbols *Po-lo-mo-lo-ki-li* equal to "Black peak," is a mistake. The symbol *fung*, "a peak," is a misprint for *fung*, "a bee." So that the *Po-lo-mo-lo-ki-li* is the peak of "the black bee," *i.e.*, Bhrāmara. As Dr. Burgess says that the devotees at the Sri Saila shrine sacrifice to Bhrāmarāmbha, this reading (which is found thus corrected in Taou-Sun's treatise on India [No. 1,470 Nanjo's Catalogue], second part, p. 2 b) confirms his identification.

S. BEAL.

## PRE-AKKADIAN WRITING.

British Museum: Oct. 28, 1886.

Will you allow me to say a few words about a letter of Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie, pub-

lished in the last Part of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* (vol. xviii., p. 548), in which he reproaches me for not having mentioned, in my paper on "The Pre-Akkadian Semites" (*ibid.*, p. 409 *et seq.*), "the priority of his discovery," which he states to be "the existence of the Chaldaean or Babylonian writing anterior to the arrival of the Akkadians in the country," and refers to a former paper of his in the same *Journal*, on the *Yh-King*? In that paper (vol. xv., p. 279, note 3) he makes several assertions (only incidentally in a footnote) which are unsupported by any evidence. He states that the "pre-cuneiform writing [I suppose he means the linear characters] seems to have had at first an imperfect connexion with the Egyptian"; and adds, "but it bears unmistakably the mark, previous to the later Semitic influence, of a serious modification" [the italics are mine]. The use of a kind of writing before the arrival of the Akkadians is only implied in the lines that follow. Many years ago the probable Egyptian origin—and therefore the pre-Akkadian existence—of the cuneiform writing was suggested by Dr. Hincks. The same opinion has since been adopted by Norris and many others. It may therefore be considered a public property, and Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie's mere assertion of it cannot be called a discovery.

Now in my paper I purposely left untouched the question of the origin of the cuneiform writing (p. 419, note 5). What I have tried to prove, by evidence taken not only from the syllabary but also from the language, from the classical and Babylonian traditions, &c., is the existence of a Semitic population, with a certain amount of civilisation, previous to the Akkadian invasion. This Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie never advocated, and it is contrary to the statements contained in his footnote.

GEORGE BERTIN.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

THE last part of the *Transactions* of the Seismological Society of Japan is wholly occupied with an elaborate paper by Prof. Milne, of Tokio, on "The Volcanoes of Japan." No fewer than 129 volcanoes are indicated on the map which accompanies the memoir; and of these fifty-one are still active. About 233 eruptions are recorded, and it is noted that the greater number have occurred in the months of February and April. One of the most interesting parts of the paper refers to the famous Fuji-san, or, as foreigners generally call it, Fusiyama. After many observations, Prof. Milne concludes that the height of this *mons excelsus et singularis*, as Kämpfer termed it, lies between 12,400 and 12,450 feet.

THE Baron J. de Baye contributes to the October number of the *Mémoires pour l'histoire de l'homme* the opening article, entitled "Un rapport archéologique entre l'ancien et le nouveau continent." The relation to which he calls attention has often been a subject of discussion. In both hemispheres there have been found numerous stone implements wrought in jadeite so similar in form, in material, and in style of workmanship as to suggest a common origin. As the occurrence of certain types of jadeite, represented by these antiquities, is, so far as is yet known, limited to Asia, it is tempting to refer the old jade-using people of Europe and America to an oriental origin.

## PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE *Journal* of the China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society ought to be a very interesting periodical. There is so much in the ancient history and literature of the Chinese which is full of interest, and there is so much

in the daily life of the people which amply repays attention, that a journal devoted to these subjects should be decidedly attractive. Unfortunately there is a disposition on the part of some of the contributors to devote undue attention to the minutiae of minor details; but this is by no means always the case, and in the current numbers (Nos. 1 and 2 of 1886) there are at least four good articles. "Roadside Religion in Manchuria," by Rev. J. Macintyre, is an extremely interesting paper, revealing the fact that animal worship enters largely into the religious rites of the Manchurians. From an examination of the way-side shrines Mr. Macintyre found that the fox was the favourite deity, next came the stoat, followed by serpents, &c. The gods of diseases and deformities are also very generally venerated, and an occasional Bodhisattva bears testimony to the existence of a faith in Buddhism. Dr. Macgowan's "Histrionic Notes," Mr. Phillips's article on the "Seaports of India and Ceylon," and the "Alphabetical List of the Dynasties and Reign-titles of the Chinese Emperors," by Mr. Playfair, are other papers of value. The volume concludes with "Notes and Queries."

THE last number of the *Zeitschrift für deutsche Philologie* (Band xix., Heft 1) contains an article which contrasts agreeably with the somewhat wearisome discussions of minute points of grammar and criticism that have recently occupied so much space in that ably conducted periodical. It is an edition of a description of Palestine and the East, written in the dialect of Cologne about the middle of the fourteenth century. The first half of the text has been printed before, in Benfey's *Orient und Occident* (1862), but, according to the present editors, not very accurately. The latter half has hitherto been unpublished. The work is interesting reading, and the information which it contains is evidently to a great extent drawn from the writer's own observation. Its value for the study of mediaeval antiquities of Palestine is considerable; and it is also of importance from a linguistic point of view, especially on account of the large number of names of eastern products which had then recently become known in Europe. Perhaps it might be worth while for the Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society to include a translation of this document in their series.

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Oct. 2.) J. W. MILLS, Esq., President, in the chair.—At this meeting, the beginning of the twelfth session, the secretary, in his annual report, reviewed the work of the previous session, pointing out that the results of the introduction of plays by some of Shakspere's contemporaries were successful beyond the anticipations of even the most sanguine. While the reading of the non-Shakspelian plays was not without interest, but in this respect notably falling below the reading of Shakspere's own, the literary work of the critical evenings was of a high order, and cannot fail to have left lasting impressions on the minds of those who followed the plays critically.—An address by Mr. Mills, the outgoing President, was then read on "Shakspere's Schools, Schoolmasters, and Scholarship." No historical materials are extant from which could be written a true description of Shakspere's school life. Legend and tradition slowly encrusted his famous name. As far as they go, they give support to the popular notion of his wild unruly youth; his deer-stealing in Charlecote Park; the prosecution and lampoon; the flight to London; the revenge in *The Merry Wives*. About his schoolboy days the oracles are dumb. And yet if, as Wordsworth sings, "the boy is father of the man," Shakspere-students will sometimes feel natural longing to learn how the youthful poet felt, thought, and acted when as yet he was but "a breeching scholar in the schools." From the

plays themselves something may be gathered. His schoolboys are unwilling scholars. *Coriolanus*, I. 3, 60-1; *Romeo and Juliet*, II. 2, 157-8; *Coriolanus*, III. 2, 116-7; *As You Like It*, II. 7, 145-7. The sighs with which Shakspere credits his schoolboys are of more import in indicating hatred of book-learning than the tears that some of them shed. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. 1, 22-3. The sighs show that sternness and severity bore undisputed sway in the cheerless regions of pedantry. *1 Henry VI.*, I. 1, 36; *Love's Labour's Lost*, III. 1, 179. (The Shakspelian equivalent of our modern schoolmaster is pedant, and that of our private tutor is schoolmaster.) Tears, sighs, overawing, domineering! Such appear to have been the impressions engraved upon Shakspere's memory by his schooldays. Yet this sterile retrospect was brightened by sunny recollections of boyish sport, and hallowed by many a sweet enduring friendship. *Merchant of Venice*, I. 1, 140-3; *Much Ado about Nothing*, II. 1, 228-30; *Winter's Tale*, II. 1, 103; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. 2, 201-15; *Hamlet*, III. 4, 202; *Measure for Measure*, I. 4, 48-8; *Julius Caesar*, V. 5, 25-7. It was natural that Shakspere, from the vantage-ground of early manhood, surveying the pedants, those stormy tormentors of childhood's innocence, should resolve to sting them with the scourges of his matchless sarcasm. *Taming of the Shrew*, IV., 2, 63-5; *Twelfth Night*, III. 2, 80. He had also a special rod for them as pedants. He flashes an electric beam upon the misshapen, lobsided, warty growth of minds pedantic, so that every broken line, every hideous sinuosity, glows and gleams into vivid distinctness. In Holofernes we surely have some flogging pedant of Stratford grammar-school. Shakspere was probably very little indebted to the pedants for the development of his mental powers. It is pretty well agreed that he left school at about fourteen years of age. Solidity of scholarship seems indeed to have been acquired at an earlier age in Ascham's days than with us: partly because the method followed in the study of the dead languages was so admirable, as a careful testing of the maxims in the *Scholarship* will abundantly witness; partly, also, because the young pupil's attention was not over-weighted with multifarious subjects—the curse and bane of nineteenth-century schools. Yet even when Shakspere made dogs' ears in *Mantuanus*, only few boys who possessed unusual diligence, as well as rare ability, could show any ripeness of scholarship when but fourteen years old. But Shakspere had another school and other teachers. He found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything. To watch the morn, with russet mantle clad, walk o'er the dew of some high eastward hill, until the sun came up and fired the proud tops of the eastern pines, gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy; to peer then into the heart of whinking marybuds, as they just begin to ope their golden eyes, while the lark at Heaven's gate sings; to note the dainty azure veining in the petals of violets dim, yet sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath or the crimson drops i' the bottom of a cowslip; or how spring's first primroses die unmarried ere they can behold bright Phœbus in his strength, when wheat is green and hawthorn buds appear, to recline by some willow that grows aslant a brook and shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream, and watch the voiceless fishes cut with their golden oars the silver stream; to follow the horns and hounds (slow in pursuit but matched in mouth like bells) as their long ears sweep away the morning dew, when skies and fountains—every region near—seems all one mutual cry, so musical a discord, such sweet thunder; to stroll in the soft gleam of early sunshine through daisies pied and violets blue, and lady-smocks all silver white and cuckoo buds of yellow hue; to outwatch the Bear, or behold the silent moon as she tips with silver all the fruit-tree tops; to pierce the shadowy mysterious depths of those stately remnants of British primeval forests such as still stood round Stratford and in many other localities, and to strike a warm friendship with the grave senators whose boughs are mossed with age and high tops bald with dry antiquity; ever and anon to startle and pause while a green and gilded snake that lay rolled in the cheerful sun slips away with indented glides into the bushes; to watch the tumultuous tossing of the giant arms as the rude wind comes

blustering by, and by the top doth take the mountain pine and make him stoop to the vale; to stand rooted with pleasing terror, breathless, spellbound, while Jove's sharp and sulphurous bolt splits the unwedgable and gnarled oak, sparing the soft myrtle; or in that ungenial season, when icicles hang by the wall, and Dick the shepherd blows his nail, and Tom bears logs into the hall, and milk comes frozen home in pail, to wander where withered leaves, or few, or none, do hang upon those boughs which shake against the cold, bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang—such was the school wherein young William Shakspere learnt his best lessons. An education of this sort—the truest, highest, noblest the human mind can receive—is not, indeed, incompatible with some welding of lexicon and gradus and other implements of the grosser mechanical training, although too often quite sacrificed to them. In the discussion of the question of Shakspere's classical scholarship, it is a common but unjustifiable assumption that his study of Latin ended when he left school. It is probable that he felt a desire to know at least something of the nature of that learning so ostentatiously paraded in those days. He was not so dense, nor is the mere art of reading Latin so exceedingly difficult, as to make it at all unlikely that in the nine years from the end of his school-life he had acquired a knowledge of Latin sufficient to make his quotations and allusions the fruit of his own reading.—Mr. John Taylor was elected president for the session. The plays to be studied are *Merchant of Venice*, *King David*, *1 Henry IV.*, *Friar Bacon*, *2 Henry IV.*, *London Prodigal*, *Henry V.*, and *Edward III.* The hon. sec. (9, Gordon-road, Clifton, Bristol) will be grateful for any magazine articles, newspaper scraps, or anything else to add to the society's library.

#### THE ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Oct. 23.)

The Manchester branch of the English Goethe Society held its inaugural meeting in the large hall of the Schiller-Anstalt. It was highly successful, a large number of guests being present, in addition to the members, who now number nearly fifty. Several of Goethe's songs were admirably rendered by the Manchester *Liedertafel* and other distinguished amateurs, with the aid of a local pianist and composer whose name is known to every musical circle in England. The chief interest of the meeting naturally attached, however, to the inaugural address of Prof. A. W. Ward, a full, eloquent, and stimulating *prolegomena* to the study of Goethe and the work of an English Goethe Society, including a review of the early history of Goethe's writings in England, and a history of the Faust legend of the kind that was to be expected from the editor of Marlowe and Greene. The first ordinary meeting will be held on November 24, when two papers will be read—"Goethe and Calderon," by Mr. C. H. Herford, and "Goethe and Homer," by the hon. sec., Dr. H. Hager.

#### FINE ART.

##### MASPERO'S FORTHCOMING WORK ON EGYPTIAN ARCHAEOLOGY.

A DELIGHTFUL little book, by Prof. Maspero, entitled *L'Archéologie Egyptienne*, will be published almost immediately. It consists of only three chapters, namely (1) Civil and Military Architecture; (2) Religious Architecture; and (3) Tombs. These, however, are subdivided under various headings, as "Houses," "Fortresses," "Material," "Decoration," "Mastabas," "Pyramids," and the like. Sufficiently illustrated for explanatory purposes, and written with all Prof. Maspero's lucidity of exposition and charm of style, this little volume reflects in a very interesting manner the special characteristics of the writer. Prof. Maspero is the most unbiased of observers. He has imagination; but his imagination is under the strict control of his judgment, and his judgment is absolutely independent of archaeological tradition. No man living is more awake to the romance and mystery of the far past; yet

none is a more uncompromising seeker after truth. Every question, according to his code, must be tried upon its own merits; every theory, however time-honoured, must be subjected to the strictest analysis. This is positivism of a very valuable kind, and it is most happily brought to bear upon the subject of Prof. Maspero's new volume. He lets in the daylight of common sense upon many an obscure problem, and brushes away a considerable number of archaeological cobwebs. Among these last, the worn-out "Proto-Doric" theory is, of course, finally dismissed; the ingenious "symmetrophobia" theory is shown to be entirely without foundation; and certain peculiarities of structure, which have given rise to much fanciful speculation with regard to various temples and tombs, are accounted for in the most unanswerable manner on the ground of natural causes. At Abydos, for instance, in the ruins of the temple of Seti I., with its wide façade, its two shallow hypostyle halls, its seven parallel sanctuaries, and its curious left wing, we behold a building unlike any other in Egypt. Instead of losing himself in speculations as to the *idée mère* of this eccentric structure, Prof. Maspero made a careful survey of the site, and went round to the back of the cliff against which the temple is built. He there found the wall of rock so extremely shallow that, if the architect had cut away the stone to make room for the prolongation of the temple, he must inevitably have pierced the cliff through from east to west. This, however, would have deprived the building of that character of "temple adossée," which formed an essential feature of the design. Having at his disposal only the narrow strip of desert between the cliff and the cultivated land, he was, therefore, compelled to make up in width what was unattainable in length; and hence the unique style of the building. "Quelques années plus tard," says Prof. Maspero,

"quand Ramses II. éleva, à une centaine de mètres vers le nord-ouest, un monument consacré à sa propre mémoire, il se garda bien d'agir comme son père; son temple, assis au sommet de la colline, eut l'espace nécessaire à s'étendre librement, et le plan ordinaire s'y déploie dans toute sa rigueur."

At Philæ, again, although the large temple is constructed in conformity with the usual plan, the pylons and colonnades transgress every law of symmetry. These eccentricities, hitherto attributed to negligence or caprice, are shown to be caused by the configuration of the soil and the necessities of the site. So, also, the plausible hypothesis which attributed the largest pyramids to the longest reigns is demolished by a few plain facts. The smallest of the Sakkarah pyramids is that of Unas, who reigned for thirty years; and Merenra, who died a mere youth, had a pyramid as large as that of Pepi II., who reigned for some eighty or ninety years, and died at the age of one hundred.

But we must not draw too freely upon a yet unpublished work. Enough that it is admirably clear-sighted, original, and trustworthy, and that it does not contain a dull page from cover to cover. *L'Archéologie Egyptiæne* is precisely the book which travellers and the public have long wanted; and we venture to predict that it will go through a long series of editions, and enjoy a world-wide popularity.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

#### THE SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

FOR years past the Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours has been doing a good work in bringing together and uniting the practi-

tions of the art in Scotland, and in affording facilities for such a full and adequate display of their productions as has been impossible in the single room devoted to water colours in the spring exhibitions of the Royal Scottish Academy and the Glasgow Institute. The society, which includes in its membership the best Scottish workers in the medium, occupies the whole suite of galleries of the Institute; and the drawings, hung only in a double row, are all exposed to the fullest advantage and in the best lighting. The works shown in this ninth exhibition number almost 700, rather fewer than have appeared on some former years; but on the whole we should say that while—as in every exhibition—some works have been hung that might have well been spared, the average of excellence is a high one, and the collection brought together is fully representative of the present condition of water-colour painting in Scotland, both of the work on the older lines, which aims at precision of touch, elaboration of detail, and force of colouring, and of the work of the more recent school, greatly influenced by continental practice, which seeks mainly for breadth of handling and truth and harmony of tone.

The works of local artists are supplemented by a considerable number by London painters. Sir James Linton sends two small carefully finished pieces. "The Flag of Truce" is somewhat unrelated in colour, and hard in its stippled flesh tints. "Taken by Surprise"—a black-robed clerk contemplating a pair of dainty, high-heeled, feminine slippers—is more complete and harmonious in tone, and altogether a more satisfactory example of the painter's work. In the "Gipsy Encampment" we have a large specimen of the facile, generalising art of Sir John Gilbert; and "Day Dreams" and "A Fugitive Thought" show the precise, elaborately detailed method of Mr. H. S. Marks. Admirable sea pieces come from Mr. H. Moore and Mr. Francis Powell, the President of the Society; Mr. J. W. North sends an accomplished picture, entitled "Meadow Hay"; Mr. David Murray's best contribution is a distant view of a Picardy village; and in two of her pictures Miss Clara Montalba shows nobly coloured Venetian subjects, while the third deals with a scene less familiar to her art—a view on a quiet foliage-shaded Swedish stream. The members of the Royal Scottish Academy are liberal contributors to the exhibition. Sir William Fettes Douglas, P.R.S.A., shows three of the small, unobtrusive, well-considered landscape subjects that have recently occupied his brush. Mr. Robert Herdman exhibits "Silvia"—a female head characterised by graceful feeling and mellow colouring—and several excellent flower studies, especially a most delicate one of white roses. Messrs. Smart, Beattie Brown, and Waller Paton all contribute; and Mr. William McTaggart has two coast scenes, very loose and sketchy in handling, but full of light and atmosphere. The works shown by Mr. Alex. Fraser are far from representative of the finest phases of his art; indeed the "Road Scene, near Edinburgh," is the worst example of this painter's work with which we are acquainted.

Two of the most original and powerful of the younger Scottish water-colour painters are Mr. Arthur Melville and Mr. Tom Scott. The former artist, abandoning for the time those richly-tinted Eastern subjects with which he has dealt so much, sends a scene of Scottish "Winter"—a view on a frozen lake, its withered reeds seen beneath a leaden sky. The picture is distinguished by broad effective handling, and in colour it is a most successful study in various tones of brown and grey. Mr. Melville shows also a night scene in the Old Edinburgh Street of the International Exhibition, in which an effect of artificial lighting is

rendered with brilliancy and truth. Mr. Tom Scott's most important contribution—indeed the most important work that he has yet undertaken—is "The Border Foray," with its admirable painting of a misty sunrise, which has already figured in the Royal Scottish Academy. The other works that he exhibits are smaller in size and simpler in subject—field scenes in the Selkirk district, with bare tree boughs, and the sharp fresh green grass of early spring. One of the best of these is "A Spring Morning," with its exquisitely brilliant sky full of sparkle and fluctuating motion. The carefully composed and most successful work of Mr. R. B. Nisbet is shown in three small landscape subjects; the canal-scene, "A Grey Evening," may be named for the purity and exquisite delicacy of its sky. Mr. J. W. Hamilton shows two beach-scenes, of which "Ebb Tide, Helensburgh," is original in the point of view selected and particularly spirited in the introduction of its figures; and "Evening Worship," a dark, telling cathedral interior. Some remarkable studies of dead birds are contributed by Miss J. H. Shield, in which the markings of the plumage are expressed with a certainty of touch and an effectiveness of contrast that remind one of Bewick's work in black and white; and among the other painters who show work deserving of mention are Mr. James Paterson, Mr. J. D. Adam, and Mr. R. W. Allan.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

29 & 30, Bedford-street, Covent Garden, W.C.: Nov. 3, 1888.

Mr. Penrose, the newly appointed Director of the British School at Athens, has left England to take up his office. Any one wishing to become a student of the school is invited to apply for information to the Provost of Oriel College, Oxford; to Mr. J. E. Sandys, St. John's College, Cambridge; or to myself, as hon. sec. to the school, at the above address. I shall also be very glad to receive presents of suitable books for the classical and archaeological library, which is now in course of formation.

GEORGE A. MACMILLAN.

#### SOME RECENTLY DISCOVERED ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS.

Combe Vicarage, near Woodstock: Oct. 30, 1888.

In this day's ACADEMY, Mr. W. Thompson Watkin, under the above heading, reports an inscription recently discovered at Blackmoorgate, on Stainmore, in Westmoreland.

As to this inscription ("Deo Arvalo Saturno Sex. Commodus Valer. V. S. L. M."), and one including the word "Arvalus" without "Saturnus" ("Diis patriis, Herculi, Apollini, Arvalo"), see G. Marini, *Gli Atti e Monumenti de' fratelli Arvali* (Roma, 1795), pp. clxxx., 812. Ottavio Rossi (*Memorie Bresciane*, Brescia, 1693, p. 136) had mentioned "two altars, or votive tablets," containing inscriptions. These inscriptions are given by Marini. The first is the same as that found at Blackmoorgate. The second is as follows:

DIS PATRIIS  
HERCVLI  
APOLLINI ARVALO  
IMP. MAX  
D. TRAIANO. D. D.  
P. AEMILIVS. P. F. LVNATVS  
AEDILIS BRIXIAE  
L. CAMVRIVS. L. F. SACERDOS  
AVGV  
PRIMVM LAPIDEM  
J. HOSKYNS-ABRAHALL.

## NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE understand that Mr. W. E. Henley, late editor of the *Magazine of Art*, has accepted an engagement as consulting editor of the *Art Journal*.

THE programme of the *Art Journal* for next year includes a series of papers by Mr. David Hannay on "The Land of Scott," which will be illustrated by Mr. McWhirter. The old traditions of the magazine will be kept up by other series by Mr. J. C. Robinson (keeper of Her Majesty's pictures), and Mr. R. Holmes (Her Majesty's Librarian), on the State Collections of Pictures and the Royal Collection of Miniatures and Drawings respectively.

THE remarkable loan collection made by Mr. R. T. Hamilton Bruce of modern French and Dutch pictures, with the design of showing the influence of Constable on continental art, which has formed one of the most successful features of the International Exhibition at Edinburgh, is to be commemorated by an illustrated catalogue. This will be published at the Edinburgh University Press in the spring of next year. The illustrations (forty or fifty in number) will be etchings and lithographs by W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A., and Zilcken. A limited number of copies on Japanese paper will also be issued.

MESSRS. VOKINS will have on view next week, in Great Portland Street, a loan collection of water-colour drawings by Copley Fielding.

THE Christmas Number of the *Art Journal*, or "The Art Annual," for 1886, is devoted to the life and works of Mr. Alma-Tadema. The chronicler is Miss Helen Zimmern, who has performed what was evidently a very congenial task with taste and ability. The illustrations, which are very numerous, comprise two beautiful etchings and a quantity of wood engravings of the highest quality. We doubt if any painter has ever been so well represented in a work of the kind.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions M. P. Charles Roberts read a paper upon certain Gaulish coins bearing a legend with a Roman gentile name and a Gaulish surname. He instanced the silver *denarii* found in the region between the Durance and the Rhone, which have on the one side *CNVOLVNT* and on the other *ROVV = Cneius Voluntius Rovveca*. It has been generally held by numismatists that we have here the case of a *libertus* adopting the name of his *patronus*. But M. Robert argues that a freedman would not be likely to strike coins, especially at the close of the Republic, to which period these coins belong. He thought that the coins more probably belonged to Gauls who had received the *civitas* on the proposal of a Roman magistrate, and who therefore adopted his gentle name.

## THE STAGE.

*The Life and Life-Work of Samuel Phelps.*  
By his Nephew W. May Phelps and John  
Forbes Robertson. (Sampson Low.)

As this book does not attempt to be written with any literary art, there will be no one, not even in the *Times*, to accuse it of "preciosity." It is a compilation, not a piece of literature; it is not art, but available and useful "copy." For this fact I may suppose that the great actor's nephew, Mr. W. May Phelps—who, not being a man of letters, has not taken even the first step to be what I call an artist in literature—is mainly, if not entirely, responsible. It tells, of course,

to some extent, against the book, even with a generation increasingly insensible to the seductions and significance of form. It would tell against the book more distinctly in America, were it not that the Americans must anyhow have been rather indifferent to its subject—they know not Phelps, either in Boston, New York, or Minneapolis. But the book remains a good book for its purpose notwithstanding its deficiencies as literature, and in spite of the circumstance that it is written—as, alas, biography is wont to be!—too much from the point of view of the resolute and obstinate admirer, of the man with a *parti pris*, of the man who declines ever to be aroused from the deep and comfortable slumber of a decided opinion. Yes, it is a worthy book for all that. Its admiration, even where it is too monotonous to be interesting, is at all events honest. The labour of its compilers has been sincere and considerable. The best materials, too, for a biography have lain in their hands, and have been used, certainly upon the whole, with discretion and good feeling. The work need fear competition with no other volume devoted to the purpose which is its own. A favourite nephew, who was treated like a son, and a veteran *littérateur* have raised between them a monument to Mr. Phelps.

But it is possible that only quite the elder generation of playgoers may feel strong personal interest in the theme of the volume. Samuel Phelps has been dead for several years, and several years before he died he had ceased to command the best attention of the large public. For great as his skill was, and indomitable his perseverance, his mannerisms increased upon him, and "he grew old and out of strength." And it is highly probable—the writers of his biography seem to allow it—that those who saw him in his later time saw him at a distinct disadvantage; nay, that those even who saw him only in his latest days at Sadler's Wells saw an actor no longer quite at his best. I saw him then myself, on one of the very last nights of his appearance at a theatre he then, I think, no longer managed. "Hamlet," and a skipping-rope dance, danced by a young lady whose name I forgot—but she delighted me very much, and I was really very young—these were the performance. And Phelps, I remember, had already acquired—there had already been confirmed in him—that habit of an utterance wearisomely slow which came to him, it seems, first, by reason of his determination that every soul at the back of the gallery, every working man of Canonbury or of the New River, unaccustomed as he might probably be to realise the force of the language of Shakspere, should hear with distinctness, and understand, if might be, every word of Mr. Phelps's part. Other times, other manners. And that time was a long time ago. Phelps, I recollect, as Hamlet, had not the chivalry and seeming youth of Mr. Barrett, nor the subtlety and fine excitability of Mr. Irving. But it was a well-read lesson. An actor, who had control of many means, and had thought out with sagacity and care every line in the creation, had made us live with Shakspere and his Prince during the three hours' serious traffic of the stage. And afterwards, as I said, there was the skipping-rope dance, and the young lady

whose name—ungrateful me!—is no more with me.

But let us now to the Phelps of this monumental volume—for garrulous reminiscences I crave excuse. The actor was born at Plymouth Dock, on February 13, 1804. He came of what may be considered quite a good old family, though his father kept in Plymouth what distance of time may have made into a "warehouse"—I suspect it was a very large shop. He was well educated, and was destined by his parents, there can be no doubt, for a condition of *bourgeois* prosperity. But he longed for the stage; and it was really with a view of going on it that, taking his career in his own hands, he set out, when seventeen, for London. When he did get upon the stage, he remained, in his quietude, *bourgeois*, at a time when the profession he embraced was generally, in the very fullest sense, Bohemian. Phelps had no instincts of adventure and wandering, not even a love of social pleasures; but it was his care to spend his working life in the practice of an art that he appreciated. His leisure he spent at home or with the fishing-rod. As a lad, however, before the boundary between work and leisure could be clearly defined, Phelps had to endure some privations. For a while, in a London less crowded than the London of our day, he got nothing to do. The stage, the thought of which had brought him townwards, offered him at first no chance; but he obtained employment as a junior reader for the *Globe and Traveller*—the oldest of our evening prints, and was for five years printer's reader on the *Globe* and on the *Sun*. "He was also occasionally a contributor to both," say his biographers, but they do not seem able to define the nature of his contributions. He married at St. George's Church, Queen's Square, in August, 1826, and about that time accepted an engagement to act in "the York Circuit"—as actors, even long after those days, were accustomed to call it—at eighteen shillings a week. In the summer of 1830 he was to be found at Sheffield; and there an actor, who afterwards became known as the possessor of a larger repertory than that of any other leading contemporary player, made quite a hit in three characters—Norval, King John, and Goldfinch, in "The Road to Ruin." A year or two later young Phelps was a member of companies playing in Ireland and Scotland. In Scotland he assiduously acquired that accent which served him so well for all the rest of his life in Scotch characters, especially in that most famous one which came to be recognised as, perhaps, not only the most elaborate, but the most satisfactory too, of his impersonations, Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, in "The Man of the World." At Exeter, not very long afterwards, he was spoken of as rivalling "the lamented Edmund Kean." Mrs. Nisbett was impressed by him; and she did him the friendliness of giving him an introduction to Benjamin Webster, who was already managing the Haymarket, where Macready was at that time acting. At the Haymarket Phelps was engaged; and so began his closest acquaintance with the London stage.

I cannot follow him, even in brief, through the career chronicled in detail and with admirable pains in this biography. Here, along with a complete account of his way of

rendering many of his parts, and with a long list of his playbills, and with a very interesting chapter chiefly on the excellent and serious fellow-workers with whom (when, at last, he became a manager) he surrounded himself, there will be found what the gossips will enjoy—details of his quarrels and his reconciliations with Macready, whose fame almost to the last in popular estimation overshadowed his own. Macready was unquestionably jealous. His intellectual integrity forbade him to deny that here, in Phelps, was an artist who was indeed a serious rival. His curious irritable care to be always in the first place in a profession for which, after all, he had sometimes a morbid, a bilious, an almost churlish contempt, permitted him to treat Phelps now and then as a dangerous inferior who must at all costs be kept in the humble and subordinate post. Yet these things came to be forgotten, and, after many years, Phelps and Macready were fast friends; and there is no pleasanter reading in the volume than the reading of the letters which passed between the tragedian in retirement and the tragedian yet before the public on the question of how best to help some comrade on whom evil days had fallen. These letters are, on both sides, as full of dignity and kindness as of the willingness to be at great trouble in the service, it might be, of an old associate—at all events, of a now unfortunate artist.

But, as I said, Macready did not treat Phelps well at first; and in Phelps's later days—his much later days, when the cares of management were over for him—he was treated not much better, it seems, by Fechter. At a salary not very large for a man of his position he was engaged for twelve months for the company of the Lyceum. He was "underlined," as they say, nightly in the playbills—that means, announced to appear hereafter—and he was paid his salary; but he was not called upon to play. At last Mr. Fechter, with the hope—so Mr. Phelps's biographers suggest—of getting rid of him, invited him to play a quite unimportant part, whereupon the veteran, from his retreat in Canonbury, wrote to the fashionable Frenchman a rather angry letter. And Dickens, who was an intimate of Fechter's and who had befriended Phelps once before—that was in the pages of his weekly journal, when Mr. Phelps's well-behaved little daughter was dismissed from a highly respectable school only because she was an actor's child—Dickens was called in to arbitrate. And Dickens, who was generosity, who was justice itself, urged Mr. Fechter to announce "Othello" and to play Iago while Phelps should play the Moor. Alas! such a combination of talents, which seemed feasible enough many years afterwards to Mr. Irving and Mr. Booth, was held to be impossible at the Lyceum of those days; and the connexion between Phelps and Fechter was finally severed.

All these things, and many things besides, of the most various interest alike to the student of the stage and to the merest idler of the "first night" at a playhouse, are set down in the pages of a book which, whatever be its deficiencies, I close with a warmer feeling than that of mere toleration.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

#### STAGE NOTES.

THE production of Mr. Browning's "Stratford" has been put into the hands of Mr. G. R. Foss. Mr. Foss has been asked by Miss Alma Murray to play Macready's part of Stratford himself, and he will probably do so.

EVERY one who cares for a good laugh should go to Toole's Theatre and see "Bachelors," and Mr. Herman Vezin in "Dr. Davy." Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Vezin have between them made a most amusing comedy of Benedix's German play, and it is capitally played, though the actresses might well throw some more spontaneity into their parts. Mr. Felix Morris as Rufus Macrole, and Mr. F. W. Irish as Potts, the factotum in Bachelor's Hall, carry off the palm in "Bachelors"; Mr. Vezin's part is too quiet to be very effective. But in "Dr. Davy" he is seen at his best. His drunken scene is as good as it can be.

#### MUSIC.

##### RECENT CONCERTS.

THE first of the Novello oratorio concerts took place at St. James's Hall last Friday week, when "St. Ludmila" was performed under the direction of the composer. A portion of the opening chorus, and choruses Nos. 7 and 16 were omitted in the first part; and the trio, "The Cross of Christ," and a short chorus, in the second part. The third part was given in its entirety. We have already spoken about the necessity of curtailing the work, but we cannot feel that these "cuts" are great improvements. It is the second part which stands in the way of the success of the work, and we still hope the composer will shorten the tortuous road in the gloomy forest. The first part of the oratorio, with its fine chain of choruses, is highly impressive; and if the princess and prince could only be converted in a shorter space of time, the audience would better enjoy and appreciate the clever and characteristic music of the third part. Herr Dvorák will not, we hope, feel offended at these remarks. There is so much interesting music in his work that we want it to be heard to the best advantage. At the St. James's Hall performance, many persons, owing to the lateness of the hour, had to leave before the conclusion.

After hearing so recently the Leeds choir, we find it somewhat difficult to do justice to the Novello choir. The body of tone seemed weak. We must, however, acknowledge that the singers seemed to try to do their best. The difficulties of the music are great, and even at Leeds the intonation was not always *sans reproche*. The solo vocalists were, with one exception, the same as at Leeds. Mdme. Albani again gave a sympathetic rendering of her part, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley sang their best. Miss Hope Glenn, who took the contralto part, obtained much success. It is scarcely necessary to add that the hall was crowded, and that the distinguished composer was well received, and recalled at the close.

Brahms' Fourth Symphony in E minor was performed at the second Richter concert last Saturday evening. Having noticed this work at the time of its production last May, we now change our opinion with regard to the first movement: at a second hearing it gains in interest and power. The second movement loses nothing of its first charm. The finale—the Passacaglia with variations—may be clever, but it is not inspiring. The rendering of the work under Herr Richter's *biton* was admirable. He not only thoroughly understands the music himself, but makes his players understand it, and through

them the public. The programme included Beethoven's Overture, "Coriolan"; the Good Friday music from "Parsifal," which, though very beautiful, loses much when given as a concert piece; Berlioz's clever orchestral transcription of Weber's "Aufforderung zum Tanze"; and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 4. Herr Richter seems very fond of this last piece, although it is scarcely worthy of a place in his serious programmes. It is showy and cleverly scored, but sounds commonplace after Beethoven and Wagner. Mrs. Hutchinson sang with much taste "Absence," by Berlioz.

The Hackney Choral Association gave their first concert at Shoreditch on Monday evening. The programme was an attractive one; and it is no wonder that the hall was packed, and that money had to be refused at the doors. The choice of the "Spectre's Bride" was a happy one, for Herr Dvorák is undoubtedly the musical hero of the day. His Leeds oratorio, if not a perfectly satisfactory work, is the production of a great and original mind. The Hackney choir this season is remarkable for the body and brilliancy of its tone; in fact, we think it is the best choir Mr. Prout ever had. The singing of the difficult choral music in the "Spectre's Bride," for precision and for light and shade, was all that could be desired. Mr. Bridson, as the narrator, sang with great declamatory power; but Miss E. Farnol and Mr. B. Davies, though they sang carefully, were unable to do justice to the composer's lovely music. The playing of the band was good. The few slips that occurred are easily explained by the limited time for rehearsal. The programme included an interesting novelty—a work by Mozart, composed a hundred and eight years ago, but most probably never performed until now. This was the Concertante Quartett for oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, with orchestra, written for one of the Paris concerts when the composer was there in 1778. The work, however, owing to intrigue, was not given, and Otto Jahn, in his life of Mozart, states that the score is lost beyond recovery. Curiously enough, a copy—for the original manuscript is still missing—was found among Jahn's music after his death. The work is in Mozart's best style—full of dainty melody, and clever, though unlaboured, writing. The effective parts for the solo players had full justice done them by Messrs. Malsch, Beddome, Wotton, and Mann. The work, which occupies about half an hour in performance, consists of three movements: the concluding "Andantino con Variazioni" is exceedingly bright and pleasing. The concert concluded with the finale of Mendelssohn's unfinished opera "Loreley." Mr. Prout may be proud of the success of this first concert.

The third Crystal Palace concert last Saturday did not attract a very large audience, although the programme included Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. Herr Julius Klengel, professor of the Leipzig conservatoire, made his first appearance, and played Volkmann's Violoncello Concerto in A minor. Of this composer's music very little has been heard here. The concerto is a show-piece and nothing more; but Volkmann's two symphonies, Op. 44 and 53, would seem—if we may judge from the reputation which they enjoy abroad—to be made of sterner stuff. Herr Klengel is an admirable executant, but his tone is not altogether pleasing. He was much applauded.

The first Popular concert of the twenty-ninth season took place on Monday evening. Miss Fanny Davies was the pianist. She played a Mendelssohn solo, and took part in Schumann's Pianoforte Quartett in E flat. Mdme. Norman-Néruda was first violin, and Signor Piatti occupied his accustomed post. Mr. Santley was the vocalist.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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